

CHOSEN

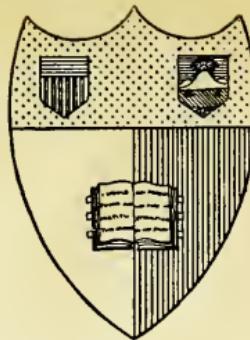
ENGLISH

SELECTIONS FROM
WORDSWORTH BYRON
SHELLEY LAMB AND SCOTT

ADELE ELLIS



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CHOSEN ENGLISH.



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SELECTIONS FROM
WORDSWORTH, BYRON, SHELLEY
LAMB, SCOTT

*PREPARED WITH SHORT BIOGRAPHIES AND NOTES
FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS*

BY
A. ELLIS, B.A.

London
MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.
NEW YORK: MACMILLAN AND CO.

1896

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PREFACE.

THE following passages have been selected and annotated for what are known as “educational” purposes, but with a lively consciousness that any education worth the name comprises something more than instruction in grammar and etymology. If the reading of English in schools is intended to prepare pupils for a study which shall be profitable to intellectual culture, it would be as well to commence as one desires to continue. Unfortunately there can be little doubt that young learners are sometimes discouraged by dry passages, drily commented upon by unsympathetic erudition. Those who are not so discouraged (chiefly because they are lovers of facts which may possibly “pay” at examination time) are apt in after-life to treat English literature in much the same wasteful and pernicious way in which Latin and Greek texts are often treated. The beauty of the thoughts, the exactness of the insight, the art and force and delicacy of the expressions are lost sight of amid all the numerous grammatical and etymological observations which obtrude themselves, in and out of season, upon a consciousness trained to alertness in such matters, and *such matters only*. No one will, of

course, deny that the greatest diligence should be exercised in the verbal drill which is part of all effective study of literature. But while this exercise proceeds (and there is no fear that it will be relaxed), there is no reason why the weightier matters should be neglected. The pupil should be attracted to the study by specimens which are of some special interest or beauty, and, in the specimens, he should be taught to appreciate not merely the construction and the derivation of a word, or the syntax of a phrase, but its aptness, its "inevitableness," its truth. Above all things, and particularly in poetry, there is a danger of a pupil fancying that he has grasped the sense of a certain collocation of English words, simply because each word is familiar in itself. If he were suddenly stopped with a demand to explain exactly what definite picture the words presented to his mind, he would most frequently find that he had formed no picture at all, or only a blurred sort of impression at best; and this sad experience would often occur to the very boy or girl who secures all the marks for knowledge of the verbal facts and the Latin or Anglo-Saxon "roots."

The preceding paragraph has been written to explain certain features of the present work. In the notes two sentences quoted by Professor Huxley have been kept in mind. The one is from Freeman, "The difference between good and bad teaching mainly consists in this, whether the words are really clothed with a meaning or not." The other is like unto it, from William Harvey, "*Those who, reading the words of authors, do not form sensible images of the things referred to, obtain no true ideas.*" For this reason (particularly in Shelley)

it has seemed better to aid the pupil to the best of my lights wherever there was a danger of misconception or nonconception, than to walk in commentatorial prudence and "the dark passage shun."

The biographies have been made short on principle. There is no adequate reason for burdening a young mind with a series of dates and domestic or other particulars irrelevant to the understanding of a writer's works and his place in literature. On a similar principle, names of authors of quotations introduced into the lives have sometimes been omitted, for the sake of avoiding a possible confusion of names not pertinent to the subject-matter; such quotations are merely indicated by inverted commas.

The aim in etymologies has been, as far as possible, in connecting a word with classic or modern tongues, to illustrate the evolution and relation of languages, and to aid a clear sense of the meaning of the word. Words simply altered in form from the so-called "Anglo-Saxon" have not been referred to that earlier form, unless there has been confused derivation, or unless there is other special reason for such reference. In these latter cases, the letters A.S. (Anglo-Saxon) are used, as being the more generally accepted formula for the archaic form of our language.

I have to thank Professor Tucker, Litt.D., the professor of Classical Philology in the Melbourne University, for kind assistance of a general nature, and for many suggestions and corrections. It is to his inculcation that I owe, in a large measure, that conception of an annotator's and editor's function which I have propounded above.

My thanks are also due to Professor E. E. Morris for much encouraging interest and personal trouble generously taken by him during the preparation of the work for the press, as well as for sundry helpful hints suggested by his scholarly experience.

A. E.

MELBOURNE, Nov. 14th, 1894.

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WORDSWORTH.

1770-1850.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born in 1770 in Cumberland. His school life was passed in a picturesque district in the North of England, where he lived among the villagers and had freedom to roam over the country, in whose beauty he delighted even as a boy. From school he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, and, after taking his degree (1791), he went to France. He was enthusiastically in favour of the revolutionary ideas then abroad. To him, as to many others at that time, the overthrow of political oppression by the people of France seemed to promise a new and brighter era of liberty and splendid opportunity for every man, no matter how poor or lowly born.

He returned to England in 1793, before the execution of the French king, Louis XVI., by the Revolutionists. Then, having a small legacy bequeathed to him, and later inheriting a modest fortune, he devoted himself to poetry, from which for many years he gained scarcely any additional income. He visited Germany with his friend, the poet Coleridge, but his life for the most part was spent quietly at Rydal Mount, in the picturesque Lake District of Northern England. There he was the centre of a group of poets often

called the Lake Poets, of whom Southey and Coleridge were the other chief members.

Wordsworth was much disappointed at the failure of the bright hopes raised by the French Revolution, and at what he considered the abasement of the newly-freed French people under the rule of Napoleon I. (1802): his disappointment seemed for a time to cause him to lose his chief interests in life. But he was led back to his work and to sympathy with the world, partly by the affection of his sister, with whom he lived, and partly by his own reflective mind. His revolutionary opinions died out, though his sympathy for the oppressed and his enthusiasm for real liberty never changed.

His first published poems were called *Descriptive Sketches* (1793); next came *Lyrical Ballads*, some of which were by Coleridge. Two more volumes of poems and a long work, *The Excursion*, followed at different times early in the nineteenth century, when also *The White Doe of Rylstone*, *Peter Bell*, and *The Waggoner* appeared. He won scarcely any appreciation from the public until between 1830 and 1840, when he became much more popular, and on the death of Southey was made Poet Laureate (1843). His last publications were the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, *Yarrow Revisited*, and a complete collection of his poems. He died in his eightieth year (1850), and was buried in the little churchyard at Grasmere, near to his dwelling-place in life. *The Prelude*, an autobiographical poem, was not published in full until after his death.

Wordsworth's works are marked by two chief qualities, at that time fresh in English poetry. The first

is his feeling for inanimate nature, in which his observant and meditative eye everywhere found poetic material, from the majesty of mountain and ocean to the smallest wild-flower of the fields. He tells us himself in the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*,

“To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

He felt not only an admiration, but a passion for nature ; he was a lover of the Earth herself, and to him her streams and trees and flowers were things of life like human friends. This attitude distinguishes him from other poets, and especially from those considered great earlier in the eighteenth century, like Pope and Goldsmith, who, in writing of nature, seem to treat its beauty as merely a frame for humanity.

The second distinctive quality in his work is simplicity of language and subject. He announced his belief that the common language of the common people was also the language poetry should use ; he drew “exquisite impressions” from the common things of everyday life. He did not always succeed in combining the simple and the poetic, however, nor did he always consistently attempt it. It was this theory which caused the whole of his work to be ridiculed at first ; but we recognize now that in much of his poetry the simplicity of language is majestic or touching beyond what a more studied diction could attain. In this particular also we find a great contrast to the preceding generation of poets, who had invented a special, artificial phraseology for verse. For instance, they almost invariably call a countryman “a swain,” and a field “a verdant

lawn," etc. Wordsworth is never artificial in this way.

Wordsworth's poems may be roughly divided into lyrics (short, songlike, and simple verses), narratives, and philosophical or didactic poems. The subjects of the lyrics are for the most part drawn from the sights and sounds of nature, specimens of which are contained in this volume. Among the narratives are—*The White Doe of Rylstone*, *Ruth* and *Peter Bell*. The philosophical poems include *The Excursion*, his longest poem, and the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, one of the most perfect; but much of his writing under this class hardly justifies the poetic form. He attempted a drama, *The Borderers*, but for this kind of writing his genius was unsuitable. His distinctive features, the attitude to nature and the simplicity of subject and often of expression, were qualities much rarer when he wrote than since, for (partly on account of his influence) later English poets have turned more and more away from the polished artificialities of the poetry before his time, and more and more towards nature and real life. "He is the foremost singer of those who threw around the lives of homely men and women the glory and sweetness of song . . . and his work has become what he desired it to be, a power like one of nature's."

B Y R O N.

1788-1824.

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON was born in London in 1788. His parents, who were both of noble descent, separated from each other in his early childhood, and he was left in charge of his mother, a woman violent alike in her fondness and her ill-temper. Her husband had spent the fortune she had brought him, and after their separation she was extremely poor. In his eleventh year, his father being dead, Byron inherited the family title and large, though impoverished, estates from his grand-uncle. After attendance at smaller schools, he was sent to Harrow, and thence to Cambridge. While at the University his first and comparatively weak poems, *Hours of Idleness*, were published (1807), and were at once very severely criticized by the *Edinburgh Review*. Byron was enraged at the criticism, and revenged himself by attacking his critics in a stinging satire called *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

After leaving Cambridge he travelled through Europe, and acquired a considerable experience of its eastern parts. The result of these wanderings was the two first cantos of *Childe Harold* (1812), which obtained a great and immediate popularity. There followed a number of romantic tales in verse,—*The Giaour*, *The*

Bride of Abydos, *The Corsair*, and *Lara*—dealing chiefly with Eastern scenery and romance. They were most enthusiastically received, and Byron, on his return to England, found himself a popular idol. At this time he married a Miss Milbanke, a prospective heiress, but in consequence of the unhappiness of the marriage Lady Byron soon left him, never to return. The precise reasons were not made public at the time, and Byron declared his ignorance of them. Nevertheless, his wife's action made him suddenly very unpopular in society, and he, who had been extravagantly petted by all, was now almost as universally condemned. He therefore left England, and spent almost the whole remainder of his life in various parts of Southern Europe. He had always possessed a morbidly sensitive and passionate nature, on which the early influence of his life with his mother had been unfortunate; he was rather foolishly embittered as he grew up by a deformity in one foot, which made him slightly lame, and spoiled his otherwise handsome appearance; and this bitter turn of mind was intensified by the disproportionate hostility which his wife's conduct excited against him. His later poetry, therefore, written on the Continent, is in general either gloomy or disposed to cynical sneers at matters respected by society. To the first class belong particularly the dramas *Manfred* and *Cain*, and the poems *The Prisoner of Chillon*, and *Parisina*; to the second, *Don Juan*, his longest poem, and *Beppo*. His life ended in an effort of noble sympathy with the struggle against the Turks which the Greeks were making to regain their independence. He resolved to devote himself and his

fortune to their aid, and went to Greece for that purpose. But on his arrival he caught a fever, and died at Missolonghi in 1824, aged only thirty-six.

As a poet, Byron is distinguished by the unforced power and frankness of his expression, and by the constant outpouring of his own personality, no matter on what subject he is ostensibly writing. The figures in his tales, for instance, really show us, not pictures of entirely imaginary characters, swayed by different motives, but always himself and his ideas, feelings, and passions in various circumstances. The longer works are uneven, some passages being of a much higher and richer quality than others, and even in the most inspired portions the work is often marred by a roughness of rhythm and a carelessness of construction, amounting at times to actual bad grammar. But in spite of all, the reader is carried away by the power and flow of his inspiration and imagination, by the brilliance of his word-painting, and by the vigour of his language.

Byron's treatment of inanimate nature depends generally on his own moods. Nature does not, as with Wordsworth, calm him and *produce* in him a certain mood; but it reflects his feelings of the moment, so that, for instance, in the gloomy grandeur of tempest or ocean, he is reminded of his own wilful passions.

His influence on the literary men of his time, in France and Germany, as well as in England, was very great. The opinion of his poetry entertained by contemporary foreigners was much higher than that which is generally accorded by critics of his own country.

Goethe, the German poet, great in criticism as in poetry, called him "the greatest talent of the century." M. Taine, the eminent French historian of English literature, says, "Alone among the English poets his contemporaries, Byron gets to the top of the poetic mountain." And Matthew Arnold, perhaps the soundest critic of English poetry, while recognizing the faultiness of much of his work, says that in his best poems, he and Wordsworth, so different in style, "stand first, a glorious pair, among the English poets of this century." Byron is truly a poetic warrior, battling with all his strength against what he considered the cant, the insincerity, the conventionality of his day; and the splendid passion of his fight will for ever make his name great among English poets.

SHELLEY.

1792-1822.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born at Field Place, in Sussex, in 1792. His father was a rich country gentleman, and heir to a baronetcy. Shelley was sent to school at Eton, and afterwards to Oxford. As a boy he was sensitive and delicate, and the rough usage and tyranny, sanctioned by long custom, which he was forced to bear from the elder boys at Eton, seems to have at once inclined him to rebellion against social customs. At Oxford this rebellion became more and more pronounced, and he was at last expelled for publishing a pamphlet in which he avowed atheistic principles. Soon after, in 1811, he married a beautiful girl of inferior social position to himself, and this marriage, with his expulsion from the University, angered and estranged his family from him. The young couple lived on an allowance of £200 a year, made by his father, and it was in these circumstances that Shelley's first poem, *Queen Mab* (1813), was written, in Wales. Later he went to London, where he met William Godwin, a writer of social and political works which had influenced Shelley while at Oxford. The two men became intimate, and in this intimacy Shelley was probably still further influenced by the peculiar ideas on social and domestic life held

by his friend. He now made the acquaintance of Godwin's daughter Mary, an intellectual girl, who became Shelley's wife after the sad early death of his first wife in 1816. Before that event, however, he had left England for the Continent, where the great bulk of his poetry was written. His financial position was much improved, as his father had been induced to increase his allowance very materially. He lived chiefly in Southern Europe, and there met Byron, the poet Keats, and Leigh Hunt, the essayist. It was in Italy, while boating near Leghorn, that the fatal accident occurred which cost Shelley's life. He was drowned in 1822, at the early age of thirty.

In character, Shelley was gentle, refined, and modest; generous to his friends, enthusiastic for the great and the wise, sympathetic with the suffering. His rebellion against the conventional usages of society and religion often led him to write and act wildly. He deceived himself into a belief that all the degradation and misery of mankind, which he wished so intensely to relieve, rose from false social, political, and religious institutions: and this passionate belief inspires his works. As a poet he possessed a wonderfully fertile imagination, which produced pictures of beauty, too often wild and vague, in the greatest profusion. His expression is powerful, musical, and at all times spontaneous. In his longer poems there is frequently an obscurity of meaning, an imperfect grasp and arrangement of his material: but such pieces as *The Cloud*, *The Skylark*, and *The West Wind*, in which these defects are absent, are examples of almost perfect lyrics.

Queen Mab, his first long poem, with many fine

passages, is not as a whole successful. *Alastor* or *The Spirit of Solitude*, and *The Witch of Atlas*, are among his long poems in which fiery condemnations of "kingcraft, priestcraft, religion and marriage, alternate with airy and exquisite pictures of scenes and beings of superhuman and unearthly splendour." Two important works are dramas: the *Prometheus Unbound*, intended as a completion of the Greek drama *Prometheus Bound*, by Aeschylus; and *The Cenci*, founded on tragic events in a famous mediaeval Italian family. Both of them are great and strong works: the former imaginative and strewn with beautiful lyrics, the latter grave, powerful and terrible. *Adonaïs* is a poem on the death of the poet Keats, a beautiful and touching lament, to be classed in English literature with such famous elegies as Milton's *Lycidas* and Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

There is in Shelley, as in Wordsworth, the idea that all in nature lives; but while Wordsworth makes his poetry out of his observation of nature and calm reflection on what he observes, Shelley makes his by imagining more than he saw; not alone did he really see objects, but he allowed himself to be carried away by image after image suggested by these objects to his "inward eye." This intense imagination, with his sensitive feeling, his sympathy, and his wonderfully musical and picturesque expression, are the chief elements in his poetry. Great as it is in its best passages, it would have been still greater had he added to these gifts a higher mastery over himself and his outpourings, "the calm and god-like mastery of such minds as Homer, as Milton, as Shakspere."

L A M B.

1775-1834.

CHARLES LAMB was born in London, where his father was a lawyer's clerk. Lamb was educated at the school called Christ's Hospital, in London, where he and Coleridge, the poet, formed a friendship which lasted throughout their lives. After leaving school, Lamb worked as a clerk in the South Sea House, and later in the office of the East India Company. He remained in the latter position until 1825, when he retired on a pension.

He practically spent his whole life in London, where he lived at first with his parents and an elder sister, Mary, to whom he was devoted. Unhappily, there was a strain of insanity in the family, which appeared in a mild form in the father, and for a few weeks in Lamb himself. In the case of Lamb's sister, there were violent outbreaks of the disorder. At length, after a terrible fit of madness, in which she fatally stabbed her mother, she was removed to a lunatic asylum. She recovered her senses, however, and Lamb brought her to live at home again, watching and caring for her until the end of his life. Neither of them married ; Lamb, a man whose intensely sympathetic and loving nature is evident throughout his work, contented himself with the love of his sister, and with his friends, Coleridge, Words-

worth, Hazlitt the critic, Leigh Hunt the essayist, and others less well known. He put from him quietly the desire for marriage, for the love of wife and children, which we know him to have felt. The essay, *Dream Children*, sets forth, with the most delicate humour and pathos, a vision of his bachelorhood which his own self-sacrifice had made him resolutely abstain from realizing. "Few in his own time knew the secret strength of self-devotion within that life of easy, unaffected kindness." In company Lamb possessed a cheerful manner and a ready yet gentle wit, which made him always a welcome guest and loved friend. As a writer, he is influenced greatly by his enthusiastic study of old English literature, particularly of the Elizabethans, and also by his constant observant absorption of all the phases of life in the great city in which he dwelt.

It has been well said that while Wordsworth is peculiarly "the poet of solitary rural nature, Lamb drew an inspiration as true, as delicate, as profound, from the city life in which he lived."

He began by writing serious poems for a volume published in conjunction with Coleridge in 1797. In the next year he published more verse and *The Tale of Rosamond Grey*; some years after (1802) he wrote a tragedy, *John Woodvil*, and later still were published the *Tales from Shakespere*, by Charles and Mary Lamb, and his *Specimens of Dramatic Poets contemporary with Shakespeare*. It was not till 1810 that he contributed his first essays to a London magazine called *The Reflector*, and in 1820 was published in the *London Magazine* the first of his best known works, *The Essays of Elia*. The name "Elia" was borrowed from a fellow clerk in the East

India House, and retained by Lamb throughout. He went on contributing to this magazine for four years, and some of the essays thus written were republished in book form in 1823. The second series were published in different magazines and at different times from 1824 till 1833, and then collected in volume form. In these essays, begun when he was forty-five, he gives us the ripe fruit of his mind. They are delightfully quaint and sympathetic in spirit, combining his peculiar humour and expression with sudden pathetic turns of thought in a manner essentially and inimitably his own. Among the most popular are, *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist*, *Dream Children*, and *A Dissertation upon Roast Pig*, but where all are charming it is difficult to make a choice. They were all republished in book form before his death, which took place in 1834. His greatest friend, Coleridge, had died in July of that year, and he had felt the loss very bitterly. In December 1834 he fell down and cut his face slightly with a stone; blood-poisoning set in, and Lamb's general health had become too feeble to withstand the attack. On December 27th, "murmuring in his last moments the names of his dearest friends, he passed peacefully away."

Lamb's contribution to English prose literature is of very rare value. As a critic, he not only called attention to forgotten writers whose work is worthy of esteem, but he increased our appreciation of those already considered great, from Shakspere downwards. It is a peculiarity of his character as a critic that he was far more ready with sympathetic insight for his beloved sixteenth and seventeenth century poets than for any writers of his own time, except those whom he

personally knew and cared for. But the pre-eminent position of Lamb as an English prose writer is due to the collection of essays known as *The Essays of Elia*. In these the matter, the style, the humour, and the pathos are alike admirable. One of his critics says there is an epithet commonly applied to Lamb so hackneyed that one shrinks from using it once more—the epithet “delightful”; no other word certainly seems more appropriate. The impression given by his style eludes analysis just as completely as the perfume of lavender or the flavour of quince. “In him was renewed the lost grace of the essay, and with a humour not less gentle, but more subtle than Addison’s.”

S C O T T.

1771-1832.

WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh in 1771; his father was a Writer to the Signet (a solicitor), and both parents were connected with ancient Border families. In his childhood Scott was sent into the country to strengthen his constitution, which was at first weakly, and to help him to recover from the results of an accident which caused a deformity in one foot. Here he found himself surrounded by picturesque ruins and quaint legends. He was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, and later at its University, but did not achieve remarkable success at either. He was always fond of miscellaneous reading, chiefly the picturesque prose and verse tales of mediaeval chivalry. Having been intended for a barrister, he did, in early life, practise for some time in the Scottish courts. He also, during that period (in 1797) contracted a marriage, which, though not with the object of his first and disappointed affection, proved on the whole happy.

His first literary work was a series of translations from the German; these were successful, and were followed by a collection called *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, consisting of Border ballads and legends hitherto unedited. The reputation gained from his attractive historic and legendary notes on the ballads, together

with his strong leaning in that direction, decided him to abandon the bar for literature. He was soon after appointed sheriff of Selkirkshire, in which office he had much leisure for his favourite pursuits.

His first original work appeared in 1805, in the shape of romantic tales in verse, novel alike in subject and style at that time. These met with an enthusiastic reception. The three greatest of them (*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake*), with some smaller poems, were published between 1805 and 1814. The first three were extremely popular, the others less so, partly, no doubt, because of the advent of a newer favourite in Byron. In 1814, however, Scott began a different literary career, "a career in which he could have neither equal nor second." He published (anonymously) *Waverley*, the first of a series of thirty novels, whose composition continued through the seventeen years from 1814 till 1831. In this series of independent creations, known as the *Waverley Novels*, it is alike surprising to note the wonderful rapidity of production—three sometimes being written in a year—and the general high excellence of the work. He worked also in other literary directions during these years—lives of Napoleon, of Swift, and of Dryden, with letters and writings on miscellaneous subjects, bearing witness to his astonishing activity. The authorship of the novels could not remain a real secret, though Scott encouraged the mystery till nearly the end of the series; and it was on the score of his literary eminence that in 1820 he was raised to the dignity of a baronetcy.

For ten years (1819-29) Scott was earning large

sums by his pen : he was ambitious of founding a territorial family, and to procure the wealth necessary for this purpose, he entered secretly into large commercial speculations with the Scottish printing and publishing house of the Ballantynes, which became bound up with that of Constable ; but in 1825-26, in a commercial crisis which affected the whole of Great Britain, these firms were ruined, and Scott with them.

As partner in these firms (for their concerns were now so entwined that to be connected with one was to be connected with both) he became responsible for a debt of £117,000, of which responsibility he could have rid himself, if his sense of honour had permitted, by becoming bankrupt. Instead of this, merely asking time of his creditors, he left his beautiful country estate at Abbotsford, shut himself up in a small house in Edinburgh, and worked with his pen for the remainder of his life, in order to earn enough to clear off the debt in full. In this he was almost successful, but under the strain of incessant application his health broke down. Towards 1830 he began to show signs of extreme weakness, with attacks of brain paralysis, and was sent abroad to re-establish his health if possible.

Nevertheless, on his return, after lingering for some months, he died on the 8th September, 1832, at Abbotsford, whither he had been taken at his earnest request. A heavy life insurance, and money advanced on his copyrights after his death, paid the remainder of that debt which he had worked so hard to redeem ; and as he wished, his name remains unstained by the shirking of what he considered his just liabilities.

His personal character, both in private and public

life, was almost perfect; his genius and his energy have resulted in leaving a body of work, which in its influence on English literature is perhaps second only to Shakspere's.

In his works, both in the poems and the novels, it is the subject matter and its sympathetic kindly treatment, rather than literary *style*, which led to their great success. Men read the *Waverley Novels* as they appeared with "wonder and delight," not merely with critical appreciation. This was largely due to the entirely new romantic and historical field which Scott opened. Nothing similar had been done before; and to the novelty was added brilliancy of character-painting, interest of plot, vivid pictures of romantic localities, and complete freedom from both the coarseness of the preceding age of fiction, and the sickly sentimentality of many of his contemporaries. A large number of the novels dealt with different epochs of English and Scottish history; e.g. *Ivanhoe* (reign of Richard I.) and *Waverley* (the rising of the Pretender, James Stuart, 1745). Others are romances of private life—e.g. *The Bride of Lammermoor*—while some—e.g. *Quentin Durward*—deal with continental history.

Scott's poems, popular in their day, are not of such pre-eminent merit amidst English poetry as his novels are amidst English fiction. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake* deal with chivalrous and stirring legends, and are written in bright and stirring verse. Their influence at the time in awaking the attention of poets to the field of romantic incident was of the greatest value, and its effects have been very lasting; so also with his novels: "he raised

the whole of the literature of the novel into one of the greatest influences that bear on human life."

To the consciousness of his greatness of intellect we may be glad to add that of his great-heartedness. "God bless thee, Walter, my man," said his uncle; "thou hast risen to be great, but thou wast always good."

WORDSWORTH.

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

10

The waves beside them danced ; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company :
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,

20

They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes
 While in a grove I sate reclined,
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
 The human soul that through me ran ;
 And much it grieved my heart to think
 What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
 The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;
 And 'tis my faith that every flower
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

10

The birds around me hopped and played,
 Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
 But the least motion which they made,
 It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
 To catch the breezy air ;
 And I must think, do all I can,
 That there was pleasure there.

20

If this belief from heaven be sent,
 If such be Nature's holy plan,
 Have I not reason to lament
 What man has made of man ?

O NIGHTINGALE !

O NIGHTINGALE ! thou surely art
 A creature of a “fiery heart :”—
 These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce ;
 Tumultuous harmony and fierce !
 Thou sing’st as if the God of wine
 Had helped thee to a Valentine ;
 A song in mockery and despite
 Of shades, and dews, and silent night ;
 And steady bliss, and all the loves
 Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.

10

I heard a Stock-dove sing or say
 His homely tale, this very day ;
 His voice was buried among trees,
 Yet to be come-at by the breeze :
 He did not cease ; but cooed—and cooed ;
 And somewhat pensively he wooed :
 He sang of love, with quiet blending,
 Slow to begin, and never ending ;
 Of serious faith, and inward glee ;
 That was the song—the song for me !

20

THREE YEARS SHE GREW.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
 Then Nature said, “A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown ;
 This Child I to myself will take,
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A Lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse : and with me
 The Girl, in rock and plain,

In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

10

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

20

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round
And beauty born of murmur sound
Shall pass into her face.

30

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

40

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE New-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.

O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Though bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

10

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to ; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

20

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial, faery place,
 That is fit home for Thee !

30

TO A SKY-LARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood
 A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine :
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !

10

SHE WAS A PHANTOM.

SHE was a Phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
 A lovely Apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament ;
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;
 A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

10

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin-liberty ;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
 A Creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food ;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. 20

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death ;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
 A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light. 30

SONNETS.

I.

SCORN not the Sonnet ; Critic, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honours ; with this key
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;
 With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief ;
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
 His visionary brow : a glow-worm lamp,

It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
 To struggle through dark ways ; and, when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The Thing became a trumpet ; whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains— alas, too few !

10

II.

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room ;
 And hermits are contented with their cells ;
 And students with their pensive citadels ;
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
 Sit blithe and happy ; bees that soar for bloom,
 High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells :
 In truth the prison, unto which we doom
 Ourselves, no prison is : and hence for me,
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
 Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground ;
 Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
 Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
 Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

10

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON ! thou should'st be living at this hour :
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
 Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,

10

So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

Two Voices are there ; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains ; each a mighty Voice :
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ; 10
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee.

YEW-TREES.

THERE is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore ;
Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths ; or those that crossed the sea
And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poictiers.
Of vast circumference, and gloom profound
This solitary Tree ! a living thing 10
Produced too slowly ever to decay ;
Of form and aspect too magnificent

To be destroyed. But worthier still of note
 Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale,
 Joined in one solemn and capacious grove ;
 Huge trunks ! and each particular trunk a growth
 Of intertwined fibres serpentine
 Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved ;
 Nor uninformed with Phantasy, and looks
 That threaten the profane ;—a pillared shade, 20
 Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
 By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged
 Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
 Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
 With unrejoicing berries—ghostly Shapes
 May meet at noon tide ; Fear and trembling Hope,
 Silence and Foresight ; Death the Skeleton
 And Time the Shadow ;—there to celebrate,
 As in a natural temple scattered o'er
 With altars undisturbed of mossy stone, 30
 United worship ; or in mute repose
 To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
 Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

WHO is the happy Warrior ? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be ?
 —It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought ;
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always bright ;
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there, 10
 But makes his moral being his prime care ;

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
 In face of these doth exercise a power
 Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives :
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate ;
 Is placable—because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice ;
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
 As tempted more ; more able to endure
 As more exposed to suffering and distress ;
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

—'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
 Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,

And what in quality or act is best
 Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
 He labours good on good to fix, and owes
 To virtue every triumph that he knows :
 —Who, if he rise to station of command,
 Rises by open means ; and there will stand
 On honourable terms, or else retire

And in himself possess his own desire ;
 Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
 For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state ;
 Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
 Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
 But who, if he be called upon to face

20

30

40

Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind, 50
 Is happy as a Lover ; and attired
 With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,
 Come when it will, is equal to the need :
 —He who, though thus endued as with a sense
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,
 Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ; 60
 Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
 Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
 It is his darling passion to approve ;
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love :—
 'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
 Or left unthought of in obscurity—
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one 70
 Where what he most doth value must be won :
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,
 From well to better, daily self-surpast ;
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
 And leave a dead unprofitable name— 80
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
 And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :
 This is the happy Warrior : this is He
 That every Man in arms should wish to be.

BYRON.

CHILDE HAROLD.

CANTO III.

BEFORE WATERLOO.

XXI.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

XXII.

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind, 10
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

XXIII.

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear 20
 That sound, the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

XXIV.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago 30
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated · who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

XXV

And there was mounting in hot haste · the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ; 40
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—‘The foe ! They come !
 they come !’

XXVI.

And wild and high the ‘Cameron’s gathering’ rose,
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn’s hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills 50
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan’s, Donald’s fame rings in each clansman’s ears !

XXVII.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature’s tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e’er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow 60
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty’s circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle’s magnificently stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o’er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay, 70
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

CANTO IV.

THE COLISEUM.

CXXVIII.

ARCHEs on arches ! as it were that Rome,
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
 Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
 Her Coliseum stands ; the moonbeams shine
 As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
 Should be the light which streams here to illume
 This long explored but still exhaustless mine
 Of contemplation ; and the azure gloom
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

CXXIX.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven, 10
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
 And shadows forth its glory. There is given
 Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent.
 A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
 His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
 And magic in the ruined battlement,
 For which the palace of the present hour
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

CXXX.

O Time ! the beautifier of the dead,
 Adorner of the ruin, comforter 20
 And only healer when the heart hath bled—
 Time ! the corrector where our judgments err,
 The test of truth, love—sole philosopher,
 For all beside are sophists—from thy thrift,
 Which never loses though it doth defer—
 Time, the avenger ! unto thee I lift
 My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift :

CXXXI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
 And temple more divinely desolate,
 Among thy mightier offerings here are mine, 30
 Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate :
 If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
 Hear me not ; but if calmly I have borne
 Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
 Which shall not whelm me, let me not have worn
 This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they* not mourn ?

CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong
 Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis !
 Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long—
 Thou, who didst call the Furies from the abyss, 40
 And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss
 For that unnatural retribution—just,
 Had it but been from hands less near—in this
 Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust !
 Dost thou not hear my heart ?—Awake ! thou shalt, and
 must.

CXXXIII.

It is not that I may not have incurred
 For my ancestral faults or mine the wound
 I bleed withal, and, had it been conferred
 With a just weapon, it had flowed unbound ;
 But now my blood shall not sink in the ground ; 50
 To thee I do devote it—*thou* shalt take
 The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and found,
 Which if *I* have not taken for the sake—
 But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet awake.

CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
 I shrink from what is suffered : let him speak
 Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
 Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak ;
 But in this page a record will I seek.
 Not in the air shall these my words disperse, 60
 Though I be ashes ; a far hour shall wreak
 The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
 And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse !

CXXXV.

That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have I not—
 Hear me, my mother Earth ! behold it, Heaven !—
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot ?
 Have I not suffered things to be forgiven ?
 Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart riven,
 Hopes sapped, name blighted, Life's life lied away ?
 And only not to desperation driven, 70
 Because not altogether of such clay
 As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

CXXXVI.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
 Have I not seen what human things could do ?
 From the loud roar of foaming calumny
 To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
 And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
 The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
 Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true,
 And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh, 80
 Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

CXXXVII.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain :
 My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
 And my frame perish even in conquering pain ;
 But there is that within me which shall tire
 Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire :
 Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
 Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
 Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
 In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

90

CXXXVIII.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread Power !
 Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
 Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
 With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear :
 Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
 Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
 Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
 That we become a part of what has been,
 And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

CXXXIX.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
 In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
 As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
 And wherefore slaughtered ? wherefore, but because
 Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
 And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not ?
 What matters where we fall to fill the maws
 Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot ?
 Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

100

GXL_t

I see before me the Gladiator lie :
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
The arena swims around him : he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch
who won.

CXLI.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
All this rushed with his blood—Shall he expire,
And unavenged ?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !

CXLII.

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam ;
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roared or murmured like a mountain-stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays ; 130
Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays
On the arena void—seats crushed—walls bowed,
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

CXLIII.

A ruin—yet what ruin ! from its mass
 Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd ;
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
 And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.
 Hath it indeed been plundered, or but clear'd ? 140
 Alas ! developed, opens the decay,
 When the colossal fabric's form is near'd :
 It will not bear the brightness of the day,
 Which streams too much on all, years, man, have reft away.

CXLIV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there ;
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
 And the low night-breeze waves along the air
 The garland-forest, which the grey walls wear,
 Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head ; 150
 When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead :
 Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

CXLV.

' While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ;
 ' When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;
 ' And when Rome falls—the World.' From our own land
 Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
 In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
 Ancient ; and these three mortal things are still
 On their foundations, and unaltered all ; 160
 Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
 The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye
 will.

CANTO IV.

OCEAN.

CLXXVIII.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll ! 10
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffined, and unknown.

CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise 20
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals, 30
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

CLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters washed them power while they were free
 And many a tyrant since : their shores obey 40
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou ;—
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,—
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime — 50
 The image of eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee : thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

60

SHELLEY.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

I.

O, wILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O, thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;
Destroyer and preserver ; hear, O hear !

II.

Thou on whose stream 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

20

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
 Of the dying year, to which this closing night
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might
 Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst ; O, hear !

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

30

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

40

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
 And tremble and despoil themselves : O, hear !

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest hear ;
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
 Than thou, O, uncontrollable ! If even
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision ; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

v.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own !
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth :
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O, wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

60

70

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 10

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run ;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight :
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight. 20

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed. 30

What thou art we know not ;
 What is most like thee ?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not : 40

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering un beholden
 Its aërial hue 49
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view :

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves :

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass : 60

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine :
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine,
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymenæal,
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

70

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain ?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
 What shapes of sky or plain ?
 What love of thine own kind ? What ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be :
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee :
 Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

80

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not ;
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught ;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. 90

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear ;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground ! 100

 Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams ;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder. 10

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast ;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits,
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits ; 20

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea ;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains ;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

30

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead,
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and of love, 40
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor, •
 By the midnight breezes strown ;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear, 50
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,

50

When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ; 60
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow : 70
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky ;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain when with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air, 80
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

ARETHUSA.

ARETHUSA arose
 From her couch of snows
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
 From cloud and from crag,
 With many a jag,
 Shepherding her bright fountains.
 She leapt down the rocks,
 With her rainbow locks
 Streaming among the streams ; —
 Her steps paved with green
 The downward ravine
 Which slopes to the western gleams :
 And gliding and springing,
 She went, ever singing,
 In murmurs as soft as sleep ;
 The Earth seemed to love her
 And Heaven smiled above her,
 As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
 On his glacier cold,
 With his trident the mountains strook
 And opened a chasm
 In the rocks ;—with the spasm
 All Erymanthus shook.
 And the black south wind
 It concealed behind
 The urns of the silent snow,
 And earthquake and thunder
 Did rend in sunder
 The bars of the springs below :
 The beard and the hair
 Of the River-God were
 Seen through the torrent's sweep,

10

20

30

As he followed the light
 Of the fleet nymph's flight
 To the brink of the Dorian deep.

“Oh, save me ! Oh, guide me !
 And bid the deep hide me,
 For he grasps me now by the hair !”
 The loud Ocean heard,
 To its blue depth stirred,
 And divided at her prayer ;
 And under the water
 The Earth's white daughter
 Fled like a sunny beam ;
 Behind her descended,
 Her billows, unblended
 With the brackish Dorian stream :—
 Like a gloomy stain
 On the emerald main
 Alpheus rushed behind,—
 As an eagle pursuing
 A dove to its ruin
 Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
 Where the Ocean Powers
 Sit on their pearlèd thrones.
 Through the coral woods
 Of the weltering floods,
 Over heaps of unvalued stones ;
 Through the dim beams
 Which amid the streams
 Weave a network of coloured light ;
 And under the caves,
 Where the shadowy waves
 Are as green as the forest's night :

Outspeeding the shark,
 And the swordfish dark,
 Under the ocean foam,
 And up through the rifts
 Of the mountain clifts
 They passed to their Dorian home.

70

And now from their fountains
 In Enna's mountains,
 Down one vale where the morning basks,
 Like friends once parted
 Grown single-hearted,
 They ply their watery tasks.
 At sunrise they leap
 From their cradles steep
 In the cave of the shelving hill ;
 At noontide they flow
 Through the woods below
 And the meadows of Asphodel ;
 And at night they sleep
 In the rocking deep
 Beneath the Ortygian shore ;—
 Like spirits that lie
 In the azure sky
 When they love but live no more.

80

90

LAMB.

IN PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.

I LIKE to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper—old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sunrise?

I have a kindly yearning towards these dim specks—poor 10 blots—innocent blacknesses—

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's-self, enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went 20 sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades!—to shudder with the idea that “now, surely, he must be lost for ever!”—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight—and then (O fulness of delight!) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of

his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle, certainly ; not much unlike the old stage direction in Macbeth, where the “Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.”

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny,—it is better 10 to give him twopence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

There is a composition, the groundwork of which I have understood to be the sweet wood yclept sassafras. This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it ; for myself, with every deference to the judicious 20 Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in London) for the vending of this “wholesome and pleasant beverage,” on the south side of Fleet Street, as thou approachest Bridge Street—*the only Salopian house*,—I have never yet adventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients —a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegancies, sup it up with 30 avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper—whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere

to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners ; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive—but so it is, that no possible taste or odour to the senses of a young chimney-sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense, if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals—cats—when they purr over a 10 new-found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can inculcate.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house* ; yet be it known to thee, reader—if thou art one who keepest what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the fact—he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savoury mess to humbler customers, at the dead time of the dawn, when (as extremes meet) the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and 20 the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to resume the premature labours of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honours of the pavement. It is the time when, in summer, between the expired and the not yet relumined kitchen-fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth their least satisfactory odours. The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'er-night vapours in more grateful coffee, curses the ungenial fume, as he passeth ; but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

30

This is *saloop*—the precocious herb-woman's darling—the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent Garden's famed piazzas—the delight, and, oh ! I fear, too often the envy, of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldst thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendent over

the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three halfpennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added halfpenny)—so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'ercharged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin—so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingredienteed soups—nor the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney*, invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual
10 scintillation thy peace and pocket !

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts ; the jeers and taunts of the populace ; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularity of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness.—In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough—yet outwardly trying to face
20 it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth—but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him ?) in the March to Finchley, grinning
30 at the pie-man—there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it—that I could have been content, if the honour of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket presumably holding such jewels ; but, methinks, they should take leave to “air” them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when 10

A sable cloud
Turns forth her silver lining on the night.

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct ; a badge of better days ; a hint of nobility :—and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticements of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine and almost infantile abductions ; the seeds of civility 20 and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced adoptions ; many noble Rachels mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact ; the tales of fairy-spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu be but a solitary instance of good fortune, out of many irreparable and hopeless *defiliations*.

In one of the state-beds at Arundel Castle, a few years since—under a ducal canopy—that seat of the Howards 30 is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late duke was especially a connoisseur)—encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets in-woven—folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius—was discovered

by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noon-day, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber ; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitement to repose, which he there saw exhibited ; so, creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young
10 Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle.—But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a Duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an
20 obvious couch, still far above his pretensions—is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure ? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapt by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula*, and resting-place.—By no other theory than by
30 this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it), can I explain a deed so venturous, and, indeed, upon any other system, so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable, sleeper.

My pleasant friend JEM WHITE was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these

poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew. Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into 10 our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper, (all is not soot which looks so), was quoited out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity, but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little tem- 20 porary parlours three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savour. JAMES WHITE, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion BIGOD, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clamouring and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table, for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humours of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some 30 general expression of thanks for the honour the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing “the gentleman,” and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that

tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O it was a pleasure to see the sable younkers lick in the unctuous meat, with *his* more unctuous sayings—how he would fit the tit-bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it “must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman’s eating”—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-
10 crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony,—how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts—“The King,”—the “Cloth,”—which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering; and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, “May the Brush supersede the Laurel!” All these,
20 and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a “Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so,” which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savouriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust—

JAMES WHITE is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

WITCHES AND OTHER NIGHT-FEARS.

WE are too hasty when we set down our ancestors in the gross for fools, for the monstrous inconsistencies (as they seem to us) involved in their creed of witchcraft. In the relations of this visible world we find them to have been as rational, and shrewd to detect an historic anomaly, as ourselves. But when once the invisible world was supposed to be opened, and the lawless agency of bad spirits assumed, what measures of probability, of decency, of fitness, or proportion—of that which distinguishes the likely from the palpable absurd—could they have to guide them in the 10 rejection or admission of any particular testimony?—That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire—that corn was lodged, and cattle lamed—that whirlwinds uptore in diabolic revelry the oaks of the forest—or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful-innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen when no wind was stirring—were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood. That the prince of the powers of darkness, passing by the flower and pomp of the earth, should lay preposterous siege to the weak fantasy of 20 indigent eld—has neither likelihood nor unlikelihood *a priori* to us, who have no measure to guess at his policy, or standard to estimate what rate those anile souls may fetch in the devil's market. Nor, when the wicked are expressly symbolized by a goat, was it to be wondered at so much, that *he* should come sometimes in that body, and assert his metaphor.—That the intercourse was opened at all between both worlds was perhaps the mistake—but that once assumed, I see no reason for disbelieving one attested story of this nature more than another on the score of absurdity. 30 There is no law to judge of the lawless, or canon by which a dream may be criticised.

I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed

in the days of received witchcraft ; that I could not have slept in a village where one of those reputed hags dwelt. Our ancestors were bolder or more obtuse. Amidst the universal belief that these wretches were in league with the author of all evil, holding hell tributary to their muttering, no simple Justice of the Peace seems to have scrupled issuing, or silly Headborough serving, a warrant upon them—as if they should subpoena Satan !—Prospero in his boat, with his books and wand about him, suffers himself to be con-
10 veyed away at the mercy of his enemies to an unknown island. He might have raised a storm or two, we think, on the passage. His acquiescence is an exact analogy to the non-resistance of witches to the constituted powers.—What stops the Fiend in Spenser from tearing Guyon to pieces—or who had made it a condition of his prey that Guyon must take essay of the glorious bait—we have no guess. We do not know the laws of that country.

From my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch-stories. My maid, and more legendary
20 aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's book-closet, the History of the Bible, by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds—one of the ark, in particular, and another of Solomon's temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish attention. There was a picture, too, of the Witch raising up Samuel, which I wish that I had never seen. We shall come to that here-
30 after. Stackhouse is in two huge tomes ; and there was a pleasure in removing folios of that magnitude, which, with infinite straining, was as much as I could manage, from the situation which they occupied upon an upper shelf. I have not met with the work from that time to this, but I remember it consisted of Old Testament stories, orderly set down, with the *objection* appended to each story, and the *solution*

of the objection regularly tacked to that. The *objection* was a summary of whatever difficulties had been opposed to the credibility of the history by the shrewdness of ancient or modern infidelity, drawn up with an almost complimentary excess of candour. The *solution* was brief, modest, and satisfactory. The bane and antidote were both before you. To doubts so put, and so quashed, there seemed to be an end for ever. The dragon lay dead, for the foot of the veriest babe to trample on. But—like as was rather feared than realized from that slain monster in Spenser—from the womb of those 10 crushed errors young dragonets would creep, exceeding the prowess of so tender a Saint George as myself to vanquish. The habit of expecting objections to every passage set me upon starting more objections, for the glory of finding a solution of my own for them. I became staggered and perplexed, a sceptic in long-coats. The pretty Bible stories which I had read, or heard read in church, lost their purity and sincerity of impression, and were turned into so many historic or chronologic theses to be defended against whatever impugners. I was not to disbelieve them, but—the 20 next thing to that—I was to be quite sure that some one or other would or had disbelieved them. Next to making a child an infidel, is the letting him know that there are infidels at all. Credulity is the man's weakness, but the child's strength. O, how ugly sound scriptural doubts from the mouth of a babe and a suckling!—I should have lost myself in these mazes, and have pined away, I think, with such unfit sustenance as these husks afforded, but for a fortunate piece of ill-fortune, which about this time befell me. Turning over the picture of the ark with too much haste, I 30 unhappily made a breach in its ingenious fabric—driving my inconsiderate fingers right through the two larger quadrupeds, the elephant and the camel—that stare (as well they might) out of the two last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. Stackhouse was henceforth locked up, and became an interdicted treasure.

With the book, the *objections* and *solutions* gradually cleared out of my head, and have seldom returned since in any force to trouble me.—But there was one impression which I had imbibed from Stackhouse, which no lock or bar could shut out, and which was destined to try my childish nerves rather more seriously.—That detestable picture !

I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night-time, solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never 10 laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh or eighth year of my life—so far as memory serves in things so long ago—without an assurance, which realized its own prophecy, of seeing some frightful spectre. Be old Stackhouse then acquitted in part, if I say, that to this picture of the Witch raising up Samuel—(O that old man covered with a mantle !)—I owe—not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infancy—but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sate upon my pillow—a sure bedfellow, when my 20 aunt or my maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation, and at night (if I may use so bold an expression) awoke into sleep, and found the vision true. I durst not, even in the daylight, once enter the chamber where I slept, without my face turned to the window, aversely from the bed where my witch-ridden pillow was.—Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice—when they wake screaming—and find 30 none to sooth them—what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves ! The keeping them up till midnight, through candle-light and the unwholesome hours, as they are called,—would, I am satisfied, in a medical point of view, prove the better caution.—That detestable picture, as I have said, gave the fashion to my dreams—if dreams they were—for the scene of them was invariably the room in which I lay.

Had I never met with the picture, the fears would have come self-pictured in some shape or other—

Headless bear, black man, or ape—

but, as it was, my imaginations took that form.—It is not book, or picture, or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T. H., who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or 10 to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra*, in his own “thick-coming fancies ;” and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire—stories of Celæno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types—the archetypes are in us, and eternal. 20 How else should the recital of that, which we know in a waking sense to be false, come to affect us at all ?—or

—— Names, whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not ?

Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects, considered in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury ?—O, least of all ! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or, without the body, they would have been the same. All the cruel, tormenting, defined devils in Dante—tearing, mangling, choking, stifling, 30 scorching demons—are they one half so fearful to the spirit of a man, as the simple idea of a spirit unembodied following him—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,

And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head :
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

That the kind of fear here treated of is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless upon earth—that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy—are difficulties, the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep at least 10 into the shadow-land of pre-existence.

My night fancies have long ceased to be afflictive. I confess an occasional night-mare ; but I do not, as in early youth, keep a stud of them. Fiendish faces, with the extinguished taper, will come and look at me ; but I know them for mockeries, even while I cannot elude their presence, and I fight and grapple with them. For the credit of my imagination, I am almost ashamed to say how tame and prosaic my dreams are grown. They are never romantic, seldom even rural. They are of architecture and of buildings—cities abroad, which I have never seen and hardly have hoped to see. I have traversed, for the seeming length of a natural day, Rome, Amsterdam, Paris, Lisbon—their churches, palaces, squares, market-places, shops, suburbs, ruins, with an inexpressible sense of delight—a map-like distinctness of trace, and a daylight vividness of vision that was all but being awake.—I have formerly travelled among the Westmoreland fells—my highest Alps,—but they are objects too mighty for the grasp of my dreaming recognition ; and I have again and again awoke with in-effectual struggles of the inner eye, to make out a shape, in any way whatever, of Helvellyn. Methought I was in that country, but the mountains were gone. The poverty of my dreams mortifies me. There is Coleridge, at his will can conjure up icy domes, and pleasure-houses for Kubla Khan, and Abyssinian maids, and songs of Abara, and caverns,

Where Alph, the sacred river, runs,

to solace his night solitudes—when I cannot muster a fiddle, Barry Cornwall has his tritons and his nereids gamboling before him in nocturnal visions, and proclaiming sons born to Neptune—when my stretch of imaginative activity can hardly, in the night season, raise up the ghost of a fish-wife. To set my failures in somewhat a mortifying light —it was after reading the noble Dream of this poet, that my fancy ran strong upon these marine spectra ; and the poor plastic power, such as it is, within me set to work to humour my folly in a sort of dream that very night. Me- 10 thought I was upon the ocean billows at some sea nuptials, riding and mounted high, with the customary train sounding their conchs before me (I myself, you may be sure, the *leading god*), and jollily we went careering over the main, till just where Ino Leucothea should have greeted me (I think it was Ino) with a white embrace, the billows gradually subsiding, fell from a sea-roughness to a sea-calm, and thence to a river-motion, and that river (as happens in the familiarization of dreams) was no other than the gentle Thames, which landed me in the wafture of a placid 20 wave or two, alone, safe and inglorious, somewhere at the foot of Lambeth palace.

The degree of the soul's creativeness in sleep might furnish no whimsical criterion of the quantum of poetical faculty resident in the same soul waking. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, and a humourist, used to carry this notion so far, that when he saw any stripling of his acquaintance ambitious of becoming a poet, his first question would be,—“Young man, what sort of dreams have you?” I have so much faith in my old friend’s theory, that when I feel that idle 30 vein returning upon me, I presently subside into my proper element of prose, remembering those eluding nereids, and that inauspicious inland landing.

MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

BRIDGET ELIA has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness ; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as “with a difference.” We are generally in harmony, with occasional
10 bickerings—as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed ; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I
20 have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story,—well, ill, or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humours and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship, please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of anything that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of
30 common sympathy. She “holds Nature more clever.” I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the Religio Medici ; but she must apologize to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear

favourite of mine, of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous,—but again somewhat fantastical, and original-brained, generous Margaret Newcastle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers—leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding. 10

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points; upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition or steadiness of conviction I set out with, I am sure always, in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking. 20

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company: at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question, without fully understanding its purport—which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, 30 she can speak to it greatly; but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture, which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled

early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it, but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress, she is the truest comforter ; but in 10 the teasing accidents and minor perplexities, which do not call out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at play with, or upon a visit ; but best, when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since, into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

20 The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End, or Mac-karel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire ; a farm-house,—delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget ; who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible. The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the county, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of ; and, for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two

branches also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from Saint Alban's, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm-house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollections, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though *I* had forgotten it, *we* had never forgotten being there together, and we had 10 been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place which, when present, O how unlike it was to *that*, which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still the air breathed balmily about it ; the season was in the “heart of June,” and I could say with the poet,

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation !

20

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy ; but the scene soon reconfirmed itself in her affections—and she traversed every outpost of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown)—with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous 30 at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable : for I am terribly shy in making myself known

to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the county. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all—more comely.

10 She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollect ed in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred and of cousinship was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one another.

20 To have seen Bridget and her—it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our friend that was with us.—I had almost forgotten him—but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far-distant shores where the kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of 30 our coming; and, after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing.—With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's

memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her own—and to the astoundment of B. F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there,—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth,—when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me; and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as 10 I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

SCOTT.

KENILWORTH.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE eventful hour, thus anxiously prepared for on all sides, at length approached, and, each followed by his long and glittering train of friends and followers, the rival Earls entered the Palace-yard of Greenwich at noon precisely.

As if by previous arrangement, or perhaps by intimation that such was the Queen's pleasure, Sussex and his retinue came to the Palace from Deptford by water, while Leicester arrived by land ; and thus they entered the court-yard from opposite sides. This trifling circumstance gave Leicester a 10 certain ascendancy in the opinion of the vulgar, the appearance of his cavalcade of mounted followers shewing more numerous and more imposing than those of Sussex's party, who were necessarily upon foot. No show or sign of greeting passed between the Earls, though each looked full at the other, both expecting perhaps an exchange of courtesies, which neither was willing to commence. Almost in the minute of their arrival the castle-bell tolled, the gates of the Palace were opened, and the Earls entered, each numerously attended by such gentlemen of their train whose rank gave 20 them that privilege. The yeomen and inferior attendants remained in the court-yard, where the opposite parties eyed each other with looks of eager hatred and scorn, as if waiting with impatience for some cause of tumult, or some apology for mutual aggression. But they were restrained by the

strict commands of their leaders, and overawed, perhaps, by the presence of an armed guard of unusual strength.

In the meanwhile, the more distinguished persons of each train followed their patrons into the lofty halls and ante-chambers of the royal Palace, flowing on in the same current, like two streams which are compelled into the same channel, yet shun to mix their waters. The parties arranged themselves, as it were instinctively, on the different sides of the lofty apartments, and seemed eager to escape from the transient union which the narrowness of the crowded entrance had for an instant compelled them to submit to. The folding doors at the upper end of the long gallery were immediately afterwards opened, and it was announced in a whisper that the Queen was in her presence-chamber, to which these gave access. Both Earls moved slowly and stately towards the entrance ; Sussex followed by Tressilian, Blount, and Raleigh, and Leicester by Varney. The pride of Leicester was obliged to give way to court-forms, and with a grave and formal inclination of the head, he paused until his rival, a peer of older creation than his own, passed before him. 20 Sussex returned the reverence with the same formal civility, and entered the presence-room. Tressilian and Blount offered to follow him, but were not permitted, the Usher of the Black Rod alleging in excuse, that he had precise orders to look to all admissions that day. To Raleigh, who stood back on the repulse of his companions, he said, " You, sir, may enter," and he entered accordingly.

" Follow me close, Varney," said the Earl of Leicester, who had stood aloof for a moment to mark the reception of Sussex ; and, advancing to the entrance, he was about to 30 pass on, when Varney, who was close behind him, dressed out in the utmost bravery of the day, was stopped by the usher, as Tressilian and Blount had been before him. " How is this, Master Bowyer ?" said the Earl of Leicester ; " know you who I am, and that this is my friend and follower ?"

" Your lordship will pardon me," replied Bowyer, stoutly,

"my orders are precise, and limit me to a strict discharge of my duty."

"Thou art a partial knave," said Leicester, the blood mounting to his face, "to do me this dishonour, when you but now admitted a follower of my Lord of Sussex."

"My lord," said Bowyer, "Master Raleigh is newly admitted a sworn servant of her Grace, and to him my orders did not apply."

"Thou art a knave—an ungrateful knave," said Leicester; 10 "but he that hath done, can undo—thou shalt not prank thee in thy authority long!"

This threat he uttered aloud, with less than his usual policy and discretion, and having done so, he entered the presence-chamber, and made his reverence to the Queen, who, attired with even more than her usual splendour, and surrounded by those nobles and statesmen whose courage and wisdom have rendered her reign immortal, stood ready to receive the homage of her subjects. She graciously returned the obeisance of the favourite Earl, and looked 20 alternately at him and at Sussex, as if about to speak, when Bowyer, a man whose spirit could not brook the insult he had so openly received from Leicester, in the discharge of his office, advanced with his black rod in his hand, and knelt down before her.

"Why, how now, Bowyer," said Elizabeth, "thy courtesy seems strangely timed!"

"My Liege Sovereign," he said, while every courtier around trembled at his audacity, "I come but to ask, whether, in the discharge of mine office, I am to obey your 30 Highness' commands, or those of the Earl of Leicester, who has publicly menaced me with his displeasure, and treated me with disparaging terms, because I denied entry to one of his followers, in obedience to your Grace's precise orders."

The spirit of Henry VIII. was instantly aroused in the bosom of his daughter, and she turned on Leicester with a severity which appalled him, as well as all his followers.

"God's death, my lord," such was her emphatic phrase, "what means this? We have thought well of you, and brought you near to our person; but it was not that you might hide the sun from our other faithful subjects. Who gave you license to contradict our orders, or control our officers? I will have in this court, ay, and in this realm, but one mistress, and no master. Look to it that Master Bowyer sustain no harm for his duty to me faithfully discharged; for, as I am Christian woman and crowned Queen, I will hold you dearly answerable.—Go, Bowyer, you have 10 done the part of an honest man and a true subject. We will brook no mayor of the palace here."

Bowyer kissed the hand which she extended towards him, and withdrew to his post, astonished at the success of his own audacity. A smile of triumph pervaded the faction of Sussex; that of Leicester seemed proportionally dismayed, and the favourite himself, assuming an aspect of the deepest humility, did not even attempt a word in his own exculpation.

He acted wisely: for it was the policy of Elizabeth to 20 humble, not to disgrace him, and it was prudent to suffer her, without opposition or reply, to glory in the exertion of her authority. The dignity of the Queen was gratified, and the woman began soon to feel for the mortification she had inflicted on her favourite. Her keen eye also observed the secret looks of congratulation exchanged amongst those who favoured Sussex, and it was no part of her policy to give either party a decisive triumph.

"What I say to my Lord of Leicester," she said, after a moment's pause, "I say also to you, my Lord of Sussex. 30 You also must needs ruffle in the court of England, at the head of a faction of your own?"

"My followers, gracious Princess," said Sussex, "have indeed ruffled in your cause, in Ireland, in Scotland, and against yonder rebellious Earls in the north. I am ignorant that—"

“Do you bandy looks and words with me, my lord ?” said the Queen, interrupting him ; “methinks you might learn of my Lord of Leicester the modesty to be silent at least, under our censure. I say, my lord, that my grandfather and my father, in their wisdom, debarred the nobles of this civilized land from travelling with such disorderly retinues ; and think you, that because I wear a coif, their sceptre has in my hand been changed into a distaff ? I tell you, no king in Christendom will less brook his court to be cumbered, his 10 people oppressed, and his kingdom’s peace disturbed by the arrogance of overgrown power, than she who now speaks with you.—My Lord of Leicester, and you, my Lord of Sussex, I command you both to be friends with each other ; or by the crown I wear, you shall find an enemy who will be too strong for both of you.”

“Madam,” said the Earl of Leicester, “you who are yourself the fountain of honour, know best what is due to mine. I place it at your disposal, and only say, that the terms on which I have stood with my Lord of Sussex have not been 20 of my seeking ; nor had he cause to think me his enemy, until he had done me gross wrong.”

“For me, Madam,” said the Earl of Sussex, “I cannot appeal from your sovereign pleasure ; but I were well content my Lord of Leicester should say in what I have, as he terms it, wronged him, since my tongue never spoke the word that I would not willingly justify either on foot or horseback.”

“And for me,” said Leicester, “always under my gracious Sovereign’s pleasure, my hand shall be as ready to make 30 good my words as that of any man who ever wrote himself Ratcliffe.”

“My lords,” said the Queen, “these are no terms for this presence ; and if you cannot keep your temper, we will find means to keep both that and you close enough. Let me see you join hands, my lords, and forget your idle animosities.”

The two rivals looked at each other with reluctant eyes,

each unwilling to make the first advance to execute the Queen's will.

"Sussex," said Elizabeth, "I entreat—Leicester, I command you."

Yet, so were her words accented, that the entreaty sounded like command, and the command like entreaty. They remained still and stubborn, until she raised her voice to a height which argued at once impatience and absolute command.

"Sir Henry Lee," she said, to an officer in attendance, 10 "have a guard in present readiness, and man a barge instantly.—My Lords of Sussex and Leicester, I bid you once more to join hands—and, God's death ! he that refuses shall taste of our Tower fare ere he see our face again. I will lower your proud hearts ere we part, and that I promise, on the word of a Queen."

"The prison," said Leicester, "might be borne, but to lose your Grace's presence, were to lose light and life at once.—Here, Sussex, is my hand."

"And here," said Sussex, "is mine, in truth and honesty ; 20 but"—

"Nay, under favour, you shall add no more," said the Queen. "Why, this is as it should be," she added, looking on them more favourably, "and when you, the shepherds of the people, unite to protect them, it shall be well with the flock we rule over. For, my lords, I tell you plainly, your follies and your brawls lead to strange disorders among your servants.—My Lord of Leicester, you have a gentleman in your household, called Varney ?

"Yes, gracious Madam," replied Leicester, "I presented 30 him to kiss your royal hand when you were last at Non-such."

"His outside was well enough," said the Queen, "but scarce so fair, I should have thought, as to have caused a maiden of honourable birth and hopes to barter her fame for his good looks. Yet so it is—this fellow of yours

hath led astray the daughter of a good old Devonshire knight, Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote-hall, and she hath fled with him from her father's house like a cast-away.—My Lord of Leicester, are you ill, that you look so deadly pale?"

"No, gracious Madam," said Leicester; and it required every effort he could make to bring forth these few words.

"You are surely ill, my lord?" said Elizabeth, going towards him with hasty speech and hurried step, which indicated the deepest concern. "Call Masters—call our surgeon 10 in ordinary—Where be these loitering fools?—We lose the pride of our court through their negligence—Or is it possible, Leicester," she continued, looking on him with a very gentle aspect, "can fear of my displeasure have wrought so deeply on thee? Doubt not for a moment, noble Dudley, that we could blame *thee* for the folly of thy retainer—thee, whose thoughts we know to be far otherwise employed? He that would climb the eagle's nest, my lord, cares not who are catching linnets at the foot of the precipice."

"Mark you that!" said Sussex, aside to Raleigh. "The 20 devil aids him surely! for all that would sink another ten fathom deep, seems but to make him float the more easily. Had a follower of mine acted thus"—

"Peace, my good lord," said Raleigh, "for God's sake, peace. Wait the change of the tide; it is even now on the turn."

The acute observation of Raleigh, perhaps, did not deceive him; for Leicester's confusion was so great, and, indeed, for the moment, so irresistibly overwhelming, that Elizabeth, after looking at him with a wondering eye, and receiving no intel-30 ligible answer to the unusual expressions of grace and affection which had escaped from her, shot her quick glance around the circle of courtiers, and reading, perhaps, in their faces, something that accorded with her own awakened suspicions, she said suddenly, "Or is there more in this than we see—or than you, my lord, wish that we should see? Where is this Varney? Who saw him?"

"An it please your Grace," said Bowyer, "it is the same against whom I this instant closed the door of the presence-room."

"An it please me?" repeated Elizabeth sharply, not at that moment in the humour of being pleased with any thing,—"It does *not* please me that he should pass saucily into my presence, or that you should exclude from it one who came to justify himself from an accusation."

"May it please you," answered the perplexed usher, "if I knew, in such case, how to bear myself, I would take 10 heed"—

"You should have reported the fellow's desire to us, Master Usher, and taken our directions. You think yourself a great man, because but now we chid a nobleman on your account—yet, after all, we hold you but as the lead-weight that keeps the door fast. Call this Varney hither instantly—there is one Tressilian also mentioned in this petition—let them both come before us."

She was obeyed, and Tressilian and Varney appeared accordingly. Varney's first glance was at Leicester, his 20 second at the Queen. In the looks of the latter, there appeared an approaching storm, and in the downcast countenance of his patron he could read no directions in what way he was to trim his vessel for the encounter—he then saw Tressilian, and at once perceived the peril of the situation in which he was placed. But Varney was as bold-faced and ready-witted as he was cunning and unscrupulous—a skilful pilot in extremity, and fully conscious of the advantages which he would obtain, could he extricate Leicester from his present peril, and of the ruin that yawned for himself, 30 should he fail in doing so.

"Is it true, sirrah," said the Queen, with one of those searching looks which few had the audacity to resist, "that you have misled a young lady of birth and breeding, the daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote-Hall?"

Varney kneeled down, and replied, with a look of the

most profound contrition, “There had been some love passages betwixt him and Mistress Amy Robsart.”

Leicester’s flesh quivered with indignation as he heard his dependant make this avowal, and for one moment he manned himself to step forward, and, bidding farewell to the court and the royal favour, confess the whole mystery of the secret marriage. But he looked at Sussex, and the idea of the triumphant smile which would clothe his cheek upon hearing the avowal, sealed his lips. “Not now, at 10 least,” he thought, “or in this presence, will I afford him so rich a triumph.” And pressing his lips close together, he stood firm and collected, attentive to each word which Varney uttered, and determined to hide to the last the secret on which his court-favour seemed to depend. Meanwhile, the Queen proceeded in her examination of Varney.

“Love passages!” said she, echoing his last words; “what passages, thou knave? and why not ask the wench’s hand from her father, if thou hadst any honesty in thy love for her?”

20 “An it please your Grace,” said Varney, still on his knees, “I dared not do so, for her father had promised her hand to a gentleman of birth and honour—I will do him justice, though I know he bears me ill will—one Master Edmund Tressilian, whom I now see in the presence.”

“Soh!” replied the Queen; “and what was your right to make the simple fool break her worthy father’s contract, through your love *passages*, as your conceit and assurance terms them?”

“Madam,” replied Varney, “it is in vain to plead the cause of human frailty before a judge to whom it is unknown, or that of love, to one who never yields to the passion”—He paused an instant, and then added, in a very low and timid tone, “which she inflicts upon all others.”

Elizabeth tried to frown, but smiled in her own despite, as she answered, “Thou art a marvellously impudent knave—Art thou married to the girl?”

Leicester's feelings became so complicated and so painfully intense, that it seemed to him as if his life was to depend on the answer made by Varney, who, after a moment's real hesitation, answered, "Yes."

"Thou false villain!" said Leicester, bursting forth into rage, yet unable to add another word to the sentence, which he had begun with such emphatic passion.

"Nay, my lord," said the Queen, "we will, by your leave, stand between this fellow and your anger. We have not yet done with him.—Knew your master, my Lord of Leices- 10 ter, of this fair work of yours? Speak truth, I command thee, and I will be thy warrant from danger on every quarter."

"Gracious Madam," said Varney, "to speak heaven's truth, my lord was the cause of the whole matter."

"Thou villain, would'st thou betray me?" said Leicester.

"Speak on," said the Queen hastily, her cheek colouring, and her eyes sparkling, as she addressed Varney; "speak on—here no commands are heard but mine."

"They are omnipotent, gracious Madam," replied Varney; 20 "and to you there can be no secrets.—Yet I would not," he added, looking around him, "speak of my master's concerns to other ears."

"Fall back, my lords," said the Queen to those who surrounded her, "and do you speak on.—What hath the Earl to do with this guilty intrigue of thine?—See, fellow, that thou believest him not."

"Far be it from me to traduce my noble patron," replied Varney; "yet I am compelled to own that some deep, overwhelming, yet secret feeling hath of late dwelt in my 30 lord's mind, hath abstracted him from the cares of the household, which he was wont to govern with such religious strictness, and hath left us opportunities to do follies, of which the shame, as in this case, partly falls upon our patron. Without this, I had not had means or leisure to commit the folly which has drawn on me his displeasure;

the heaviest to endure by me, which I could by any means incur,—saving always the yet more dreaded resentment of your Grace."

"And in this sense, and no other, hath he been accessory to thy fault?" said Elizabeth.

"Surely, Madam, in no other," replied Varney; "but since somewhat hath chanced to him, he can scarce be called his own man. Look at him, Madam, how pale and trembling he stands—how unlike his usual majesty of 10 manner—yet what has he to fear from aught I can say to your Highness? Ah! Madam, since he received that fatal packet!"

"What packet, and from whence?" said the Queen, eagerly.

"From whence, Madam, I cannot guess; but I am so near to his person, that I know he has ever since worn, suspended around his neck, and next to his heart, that lock of hair which sustains a small golden jewel shaped like a heart—he speaks to it when alone—he parts not from it when he sleeps—no heathen ever worshipped an idol with 20 such devotion."

"Thou art a prying knave to watch thy master so closely," said Elizabeth, blushing, but not with anger; "and a tattling knave to tell over again his fooleries.—What colour might the braid of hair be that thou pratest of?"

Varney replied, "A poet, Madam, might call it a thread from the golden web wrought by Minerva; but, to my thinking, it was paler than even the purest gold—more like the last parting sunbeam of the softest day of spring."

"Why, you are a poet yourself, Master Varney," said the 30 Queen, smiling; "but I have not genius quick enough to follow your rare metaphors—Look round these ladies—is there—(she hesitated, and endeavoured to assume an air of great indifference)—Is there here, in this presence, any lady, the colour of whose hair reminds thee of that braid? Methinks, without prying into my Lord of Leicester's amorous secrets, I would fain know what kind of locks are

like the thread of Minerva's web, or the—what was it?—the last rays of the May-day sun."

Varney looked round in the presence-chamber, his eye travelling from one lady to another, until at length it rested upon the Queen herself, but with an aspect of the deepest veneration. "I see no tresses," he said, "in this presence worthy of such similes, unless where I dare not look on them."

"How, sir knave," said the Queen, "dare you intimate"—

"Nay, Madam," replied Varney, shading his eyes with 10 his hand, "it was the beams of the May-day sun that dazzled my weak eyes."

"Go to—go to," said the Queen; "thou art a foolish fellow"—and turning quickly from him she walked up to Leicester.

Intense curiosity, mingled with all the various hopes, fears, and passions, which influence court faction, had occupied the presence-chamber during the Queen's conference with Varney, as if with the strength of an Eastern talisman. Men suspended every, even the slightest external motion, 20 and would have ceased to breathe, had Nature permitted such an intermission of her functions. The atmosphere was contagious, and Leicester, who saw all around wishing or fearing his advancement or his fall, forgot all that love had previously dictated, and saw nothing for the instant but the favour or disgrace which depended on the nod of Elizabeth and the fidelity of Varney. He summoned himself hastily, and prepared to play his part in the scene which was like to ensue, when, as he judged from the glances which the Queen threw towards him, Varney's communica- 30 tions, be they what they might, were operating in his favour. Elizabeth did not long leave him in doubt; for the more than favour with which she accosted him decided his triumph in the eyes of his rival, and of the assembled court of England—"Thou hast a prating servant of this same Varney, my lord," she said; "it is lucky you trust

him with nothing that can hurt you in our opinion, for, believe me, he would keep no counsel."

"From your Highness," said Leicester, dropping gracefully on one knee, "it were treason he should. I would that my heart itself lay before you, barer than the tongue of any servant could strip it."

"What, my lord," said Elizabeth, looking kindly upon him, "is there no one little corner over which you would wish to spread a veil? Ah! I see you are confused at the 10 question, and your Queen knows she should not look too deeply into her servants' motives for their faithful duty, lest she see what might, or at least ought to displease her."

Relieved by these last words, Leicester broke out into a torrent of expressions of deep and passionate attachment, which, perhaps, at that moment, were not altogether fictitious. The mingled emotions which had at first overcome him, had now given way to the energetic vigour with which he had determined to support his place in the Queen's favour; and never did he seem to Elizabeth more eloquent, 20 more handsome, more interesting, than while, kneeling at her feet, he conjured her to strip him of all his power, but to leave him the name of her servant—"Take from the poor Dudley," he exclaimed, "all that your bounty has made him, and bid him be the poor gentleman he was when your grace first shone on him; leave him no more than his cloak and his sword, but let him still boast he has—what in word or deed he never forfeited—the regard of his adored Queen and mistress!"

"No, Dudley!" said Elizabeth, raising him with one hand, 30 while she extended the other that he might kiss it; "Elizabeth hath not forgotten that, whilst you were a poor gentleman, despoiled of your hereditary rank, she was as poor a princess, and that in her cause you then ventured all that oppression had left you—your life and honour.—Rise, my lord, and let my hand go?—Rise, and be what you have ever been, the grace of our court, and the support of our throne.

Your mistress may be forced to chide your misdemeanours, but never without owning your merits—"And, so help me God!" she added, turning to the audience who, with various feelings, witnessed this interesting scene,—"So help me God, gentlemen, as I think, never sovereign had a truer servant than I have in this noble Earl."

A murmur of assent rose from the Leicestrian faction, which the friends of Sussex dared not oppose. They remained with their eyes fixed on the ground, dismayed as well as mortified by the public and absolute triumph of 10 their opponents. Leicester's first use of the familiarity to which the Queen had so publicly restored him, was to ask her commands concerning Varney's offence. "Although," he said, "the fellow deserves nothing from me but displeasure, yet, might I presume to intercede"—

"In truth, we had forgotten his matter," said the Queen; "and it was ill done of us, who owe justice to our meanest, as well as to our highest subject. We are pleased, my lord, that you were the first to recall the matter to our memory.—Where is Tressilian, the accuser?—let him come before 20 us."

Tressilian appeared, and made a low and beseeming reverence. His person, as we have elsewhere observed, had an air of grace and even of nobleness, which did not escape Queen Elizabeth's critical observation. She looked at him with attention as he stood before her unabashed, but with an air of the deepest dejection.

"I cannot but grieve for this gentleman," she said to Leicester. "I have inquired concerning him, and his presence confirms what I heard, that he is a scholar and a soldier, 30 well accomplished both in arts and arms. We women, my lord, are fanciful in our choice—I had said now, to judge by the eye, there was no comparison to be held betwixt your follower and this gentleman. But Varney is a well spoken fellow, and to speak truth, that goes far with us of the weaker sex.—Look you, Master Tressilian, a bolt lost is not

a bow broken. Your true affection, as I will hold it to be, hath been, it seems, but ill requited ; but you have scholarship, and you know there have been false Cressidas to be found, from the Trojan war downwards. Forget, good sir, this Lady Light o' Love—teach your affection to see with a wiser eye. This we say to you, more from the writings of learned men, than our own knowledge, being, as we are, far removed by station and will, from the enlargement of experience in such idle toys of humorous passion. For this 10 dame's father, we can make his grief the less, by advancing his son-in-law to such station as may enable him to give an honourable support to his bride. Thou shalt not be forgotten thyself, Tressilian—follow our court, and thou shalt see that a true Troilus hath some claim in our grace. Think of what that arch-knave Shakespeare says—a plague on him, his toys come into my head when I should think of other matter—Stay, how goes it ?—

20 Cressid was yours, tied with the bonds of heaven ;
 These bonds of heaven are slipt, dissolved, and loosed,
 And with another knot five fingers tied,
 The fragments of her faith are bound to Diomed.

You smile, my Lord of Southampton—perchance I make your player's verse halt through my bad memory—but let it suffice—let there be no more of this mad matter.”

And as Tressilian kept the posture of one who would willingly be heard, though, at the same time, expressive of the deepest reverence, the Queen added with some impatience,—“What would the man have ? The wench cannot wed both of you ?—She has made her election,—not a wise one per-30 chance—but she is Varney's wedded wife.”

“My suit should sleep there, most gracious Sovereign,” said Tressilian, “and with my suit my revenge. But I hold this Varney's word no good warrant for the truth.”

“Had that doubt been elsewhere urged,” answered Varney, “my sword”—

"*Thy* sword!" interrupted Tressilian, scornfully, "with her Grace's leave, my sword shall show"—

"Peace, you knaves both," said the Queen; "know you where you are?—This comes of your feuds, my lords," she added, looking towards Leicester and Sussex; "your followers catch your own humour, and must bandy and brawl in my court, and in my very presence, like so many Matamoros.—Look you, sirs, he that speaks of drawing swords in any other quarrel than mine or England's, by mine honour, I'll bracelet him with iron both on wrist and ankle!" She 10 then paused a minute, and resumed in a milder tone, "I must do justice betwixt the bold and mutinous knaves notwithstanding.—My Lord of Leicester, will you warrant with your honour,—that is, to the best of your belief,—that your servant speaks truth in saying he hath married this Amy Robsart?"

This was a home thrust, and had nearly staggered Leicester. But he had now gone too far to recede, and answered, after a moment's hesitation, "To the best of my belief—indeed on my certain knowledge—she is a wedded wife." 20

"Gracious Madam," said Tressilian, "may I yet request to know when and under what circumstances this alleged marriage?"

"Out, sirrah," answered the Queen; "*alleged* marriage!—Have you not the word of this illustrious Earl to warrant the truth of what his servant says? But thou art a loser—think'st thyself such at least—and thou shalt have indulgence—we will look into the matter ourself more at leisure.—My Lord of Leicester, I trust you remember we mean to taste the good cheer of your Castle of Kenilworth 30 on this week ensuing—we will pray you to bid our good and valued friend the Earl of Sussex to hold company with us there."

"If the noble Earl of Sussex," said Leicester, bowing to his rival with the easiest and with the most graceful courtesy, "will so far honour my poor house, I will hold it an

additional proof of the amicable regard it is your Grace's desire we should entertain towards each other."

Sussex was more embarrassed—"I should," said he, "Madam, be but a clog on your gayer hours since my late severe illness."

"And have you been indeed so very ill?" said Elizabeth, looking on him with more attention than before; "you are in faith strangely altered, and deeply am I grieved to see it. But be of good cheer—we will ourselves look after the health of 10 so valued a servant, and to whom we owe so much. Masters shall order your diet; and that we ourselves may see that he is obeyed, you must attend us in this progress to Kenilworth."

This was said so peremptorily and at the same time with so much kindness, that Sussex, however unwilling to become the guest of his rival, had no resource but to bow low to the Queen in obedience to her commands, and to express to Leicester, with blunt courtesy, though mingled with embarrassment, his acceptance of his invitation. As the Earls 20 exchanged compliments on the occasion, the Queen said to her High Treasurer, "Methinks, my lord, the countenances of these our two noble peers resemble that of the two famed classic streams, the one so dark and sad, the other so fair and noble—My old Master Ascham would have chid me for forgetting the author—It is Caesar, as I think.—See what majestic calmness sits on the brow of the noble Leicester, while Sussex seems to greet him as if he did our will indeed, but not willingly."

"The doubt of your Majesty's favour," answered the Lord 30 Treasurer, "may perchance occasion the difference, which does not—as what does?—escape your Grace's eye."

"Such doubts were injurious to us, my lord," replied the Queen. "We hold both to be near and dear to us, and will with impartiality employ both in honourable service for the weal of our kingdom. But we will break up their farther conference at present.—My Lords of Sussex and Leicester, we

have a word more with you. Tressilian and Varney are near your persons—you will see that they attend you at Kenilworth—And as we shall then have both Paris and Menelaus within our call, so we shall have this same fair Helen also, whose fickleness has caused this broil.—Varney, thy wife must be at Kenilworth, and forthcoming at my order.—My Lord of Leicester, we expect you will look to this."

The Earl and his follower bowed low, and raised their heads, without daring to look at the Queen, or at each other ; for both felt at the instant as if the nets and toils which 10 their own falsehood had woven, were in the act of closing around them. The Queen, however, observed not their confusion, but proceeded to say, "My Lords of Sussex and Leicester, we require your presence at the privy-council to be presently held, where matters of importance are to be debated. We will then take the water for our divertisement, and you, my lords, will attend us.—And that reminds us of a circumstance—Do you, Sir Squire of the Soiled Cassock, (distinguishing Raleigh by a smile) fail not to observe that you are to attend us on our progress. You shall be supplied 20 with suitable means to reform your wardrobe."

And so terminated this celebrated audience, in which, as throughout her life, Elizabeth united the occasional caprice of her sex, with that sense and sound policy, in which neither man nor woman ever excelled her.

NOTES.

WORDSWORTH.

THE DAFFODILS.

3, 4. **crowd, host**: he saw a crowd, nay more, a host; the second word intensifies the idea.

7. **Continuous**: extending without a break.

8. **milky way**: comparing the sight to that broad, luminous-white path in the night-sky, where the stars are thickest; hence 'on' instead of 'in.' The milky way of stars is also called the Galaxy, from Greek *γάλα* (*gala*) milk.

10. **margin of a bay**: the edge of some inlet of the lake. 'Margin,' from Lat. *margo*, a border, cognate with 'mark,' a stroke or outline: other forms of 'margin' were 'marge' and 'margent.'

12. **sprightly**: example of word which has become fixed in a false spelling. It means like a 'sprite' or fairy, and should be 'spritely': from same word as 'spirit,' i.e. Lat. *spiritus*, through Fr. *esprit*.

17-24. An expression of that strong and real delight which Wordsworth felt in natural beauty; enjoying the sight of the dancing flowers gives him this delight, not for the moment only, but to be stored up as "wealth" (l. 17), and felt again whenever memory recalls it.

21, 22. **that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude**: "the mind's eye," as Shakspere calls it (*Hamlet* I. ii. 185). This eye sees in imagination what memory recalls, and brings "bliss" to Wordsworth's lonely meditations.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

[This poem was actually written in a beautiful spot called the Mare's Pool, beside a brook, near the village of Alford, in Somersetshire, when Wordsworth was visiting Coleridge. Coleridge also described it in a poem.]

1. **blended notes**: all the softly mixing tones of birds and insects and rustling leaves in the woods.

2. **sate reclined**: 'Reclined,' from Lat. *reclino*, and adj. *reclinis*, means 'leaning backward,' not necessarily 'lying down.'

4. The "sad thoughts" are explained in ll. 7, 8.

5, 6. Wordsworth's theory is that the works of nature are in a sense alive, and that they share in a universal soul which is common to them and humanity.

7, 8, etc. Man has made of man a thing less natural than the rest of nature. Civilization forces man into a kind of artificial existence, wherein he must ignore the simpler and healthier life and pleasure which are sufficient to render happy the objects spoken of in the following verses.

9, 10. Wordsworth's observation of minute differences is shown in these lines; primroses grow in 'tufts' or knots, but the periwinkle trails in sprays on the ground. The name 'periwinkle,' a twining plant, is derived from Lat. *per*, thoroughly, and *vincire*, to bind. This word is not identical with *periwinkle*, a small shell-fish, which was originally *pinewinckle* in A.S., and has become confused with the name of the plant.

12. The objects not only live, but 'enjoy' life.

15, 16. The pronoun 'it' here is an unnecessary repetition of the subject of the sentence, 'motion.' This use of 'it' gives an air of the simplicity at which Wordsworth aims.

19, 20. The phrase "do all I can" probably means that though sometimes he remembers that science (and perhaps the ordinary common-sense of men), would tell him these objects have no feeling, yet he cannot help believing that they have.

O NIGHTINGALE!

1. The nightingale has in all ages been the bird of poetic inspiration, the Philomela of the Greeks, the bulbul of the East.

2. **fiery**: hot with passion. Fiery is precisely the word. It came of itself. How do we know? Because, when the talented Edinburgh reviewer finds fault with the epithet, Wordsworth sits down in cold blood to consider it, and in the absence of the

feeling which dictated it, he changes it to the sadly inferior 'creature of ebullient heart.' 'Ebullient' means boiling up. However, he afterwards changed it back to the more poetical 'fiery.'

5. **God of wine**: i.e. Bacchus.

6. **a Valentine**: a sweetheart. The idea of sending a love-letter and so choosing a sweetheart on St. Valentine's day (Feb. 14), arose from an old idea that birds begin to pair on that day.

7. **despite = spite**. 'Despite' is the earlier form of 'spite,' the first syllable having been dropped because unaccentuated and therefore slurred in pronunciation, as also in 'fence' for 'defence,' 'dropsy' for 'hydropsy,' and others. 'Despite' originally meant dislike, from Lat. *despicere*, to despise, through French. Here it is a noun. It is also used as a preposition = 'in despite of.'

9. **loves = pairs of lovers**.

11. **Stock-dove**: the wild pigeon of Europe, probably so called because it built in the stumps ('stocks') of trees. 'Stock' is from an old word, meaning a 'post,' 'trunk.'

12. **homely** = home-like and simple, contrasted with the romantic and florid song of the nightingale.

13, 14. **His voice was buried among trees,**
Yet to be come-at by the breeze :

Note the ambiguity of construction. Either it was buried among trees which the breeze had yet to reach, or, though buried, yet the breeze was able to reach it, and bring it to the listener's ear. The latter is the writer's intention, as he stated in one of his prefaces.

17. **with quiet blending**: love united with a tranquil mind, which he goes on to say is gradual in giving, but unchanging once given.

1-18. In the whole poem is shown Wordsworth's sympathy with serene and lasting affection rather than passionate rapture; the truly English attitude, indeed the attitude of most Teutonic nations towards love.

THREE YEARS SHE GREW.

[One of the series of poems on "Lucy," written by Wordsworth. This was composed in Germany.]

6. **A Lady of my own** : i.e. her refinement shall be a thing of nature (natural to her), not of artificial training and surroundings.

8. Both law and impulse: Her impulses and wishes shall be natural, and yet always obey the rules which nature lays down for wisdom and health.

7-12. The construction here is, she shall feel a power in rock and plain, etc. It is an expression of Wordsworth's ever-present idea of the living soul which pervades the whole universe.

14. lawn: used here in a sense now nearly obsolete, namely, any space of grass-covered ground, as a glade in a forest, not merely a highly cultivated plot of garden-grass. It is derived from an old word *laund*, from old Fr. *lande*, a plain.

16. breathing balm: a comforting sweetness ('balm') which breathes forth from "mute insensate things." 'Balm' originally meant simply perfume, from Lat. *balsamum*, through old Fr. It then came to mean anything soothing, pleasant to the senses.

18. Of mute insensate things: of natural objects. 'Insensate' has for its usual meaning senseless, infatuated; here however it means without the senses which pertain to living things. 'Senseless' means 'without sense,' which has a meaning different from 'without the senses.'

20. for her the willow bend: the movement of the willow shall be as a model to teach her true grace.

26. lean her ear: to 'incline' one's ear is an ordinary enough expression, but it is unusual to use the word 'lean' for 'incline,' though it has the same meaning. The use is Biblical.

28. their wayward round: the freakish, eddying dance of the stream over pebbles that make the water into little whirlpools. 'Wayward' is equivalent to *awayward*, i.e. turned away, perverse.

31. vital: from Lat. *vita*, life. 'Vital feelings' here mean feelings so woven into every thought at every moment, as to be part of her life.

32. rear = raise = by derivation 'to make to rise.' Here, shall make her form grow "to stately height."

36. dell: a valley (often a little valley), a doublet of 'dale,' a valley. Dwellers in the valleys of Cumberland and Westmoreland (Wordsworth's district) are often called 'Dalesmen.'

38. race was run: an expression often used to mean death; i.e. her course of life was ended.

THE CUCKOO.

1. New-comer: The cuckoo is a migratory bird like the swallow, and only reappears in England in Spring. Instead of building for itself, it wanders in and out of other birds' nests.

- 1, 2. I have heard thee before and I hear thee now.
3. Cuckoo: the name of the bird is an imitation of its cry. In French it is spelt *coucou*. Words formed in imitation of some sound (like ‘bow-wow,’ ‘babble,’ etc.) are called ‘onomatopoetic,’ from Greek *ὄνομα* (*onoma*) a name, *ποιεῖν* (*poiein*) to make.
4. or but a wandering voice: a beautifully vivid expression for the impression gained from this cry, now here, now there, over the country, while the bird itself is seldom seen.
6. twofold: the two syllables distinctly separated in the cry cuc-koo.
- 7, 8. From hill to hill: because in the hollows the sound would not travel so easily to the listener, who would suddenly hear it again when it rises on the hill-sides. So at one moment it would seem quite close at hand, at the next its voice would sound far away.
9. babbling: chattering. An onomatopoetic word. The Greek *βάρβαρος* (*barbaros*) and Lat. *balbus* are similar words, and originally meant ‘stammering.’
15. invisible thing: invisible here has its full meaning, i.e. ‘not able to be seen,’ not merely ‘unseen.’
- 23, 24. still: here means ‘constantly,’ as it does also in Shakspere. It is now more frequently equivalent either to ‘until now’ or ‘nevertheless.’
25. yet: i.e. ‘even now that I am no longer a boy.’
27. beget: obtain.
28. again: as it did in Wordsworth’s childhood.
31. faery: enchanted, unearthly. ‘Fairy,’ though identical in origin, often has a more specialized sense, standing for ‘fay,’ an elf; from Fr. *fée*, Low Lat. *fata*, a fate, a goddess of destiny. ‘Faery’ was originally a noun only, meaning enchantment; here of course it is an adjective.

TO A SKY-LARK.

The skylark, like the nightingale, has inspired many poets. Its peculiarity is that it soars to a great height vertically over its nest, warbling all the time. Its song is heard at sunrise. (See further note to Shelley’s *To a Skylark*.)

1. Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim: there is a similar idea in the two words minstrel and pilgrim. The former is one who wanders, singing; the latter, one who travels far to worship at a shrine. ‘Minstrel’ is through Fr. from Lat. *minister*, a ser-

vant, one who ministers to others' wants ; hence one who amuses others by playing instruments and singing. 'Pilgrim' is also through Fr. from Lat. *peregrinus*, foreign, abroad. 'Ethereal' here has the sense of 'belonging to the sky,' 'roving the sky,' not the more usual meaning 'of skyey texture.'

3. **aspire** : here, to work towards something above one.

4. **dewy** : as the lark sings at sunrise, before the dew has dried from the ground.

5. **drop into** : because it soars in a direct line above it.

6. **Those quivering wings composed, that music still!** : i.e. 'with those wings composed, with ... still,' a construction grammatically corresponding to the Latin ablative absolute.

8. **A privacy of glorious light is thine** : An example of the exact and simple truth, combined with the most poetic language and beautiful simile. His solitude is a lofty one, attained not by burying himself in darkness, but by mounting into a strong light whose very intensity prevents our seeing him. Shelley has the same idea when he says—

“ Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought.”

Ode to the Skylark.

10. **more divine** : than that of the nightingale.

11, 12. **Type of the wise who soar, but never roam** :

True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !

A particularly fine simile, perfectly expressed. The lark is compared to those wise great men who soar in high thoughts far above ordinary beings, but never stray from the straight line, which connects the heavenly wisdom at which they aim with the affections and lowly duties to which they can betake themselves when called upon.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM.

[Written of Miss Mary Hutchinson, afterwards his wife.]

1. **Phantom** : a vision. Through Lat. and Fr. from Greek, φάντασμα (*phantasma*), something made visible.

2. As the root-element in 'phantom' means 'shine,' the word "gleamed" is appropriate.

5. The stars appear largest and brightest at twilight.

15, 16. In her face one could see the sweet traces of a pure past, and the promise of as good a future.

17, 18. A well-known couplet. Her goodness does not place her out of sympathy with the everyday thoughts, cares, and weaknesses of ordinary life.

21. with eye serene : serene here means dispassionate, apart from the earlier passionate admiration with which he viewed her.

22. The very pulse of the machine : he means the very inmost spring of her being. The use of the prosaic word 'machine' here is a noted instance of Wordsworth's occasional unpoetic phraseology and lack of critical taste. Moreover a machine has not a pulse. There is bad taste in the introduction of so contradictory a term as 'machine,' for that which he has already called a 'phantom,' 'apparition,' 'spirit,' even apart from the unpoetic associations we cannot but feel in the word. It has, however, been said by a noted Wordsworthian, that the word has a more limited and technical sense now than it had in Wordsworth's time.

SONNETS.

A sonnet is a small poem of which the form is strictly prescribed. The original sonnet form has fourteen lines, each line generally consisting of ten syllables. The first eight lines are called the *octave*, and the last six the *sestet*. In its most perfect form the octave should contain only two rhyme-sounds, *i.e.* one terminating lines 1, 4, 5, 8 : and one terminating lines 2, 3, 6, 7. In the sestet there has always been less strictness in the arrangement of rhymes : in the original Italian form lines 9 and 12, 10 and 13, 11 and 14 rhyme together. The perfect Italian form then stands thus (letters representing rhymes) :

a b b a a b b a : c d e c d e.

The sonnet originated in Italy in the thirteenth century : the name is from Italian *sonetto*, literally a 'little sound,' diminutive of *sono*, a sound, melody. From Italy it passed into all European poetry. It was introduced into England in the first half of the sixteenth century. Some (the chief) of the great poets who have used this form are here mentioned by Wordsworth. Shakspere virtually made his own sonnet form, being bound only to fourteen lines. Modern poets also have varied the form considerably as regards rhyme.

1. Critic, you have frowned : The form of the Sonnet has frequently been found fault with, as being too much bound in by rules to contain free play of poetic inspiration. Wordsworth combats this idea in two sonnets, in this one showing that men of pre-eminent poetic genius have used the form, and in the following one by a series of similes illustrating the truth that

those rules to which we voluntarily bow do not injure literary production.

2. **Mindless**: unmindful, forgetful.

2, 3. **with this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart**: Shakspere, in the midst of his great dramatic work, wrote more than one hundred sonnets, which are often considered records of his own personal feelings in friendship and in love. There has however been a controversy among critics as to whether they are autobiographical, or whether they are purely imaginary, and in three lines of one of Browning's smaller poems called *House*, there is the following comment on Wordsworth's line :

. . . "With this same key,
'Shakspere unlocked his heart,' once more!
Did Shakspere? If so, the less Shakspere he!"

That is, Browning believes that it would lessen the great poet's greatness to lay bare to the world his inmost self in verse. Browning's bitterness is scarcely justifiable, especially as there is a good deal of evidence to show that Shakspere's sonnets were autobiographical.

Shakespeare: (1564-1616.) The greatest English poet and dramatist. (Note that the spelling of his name is uncertain; he probably varied it himself like many Elizabethans.)

4. **lute**: a small stringed musical instrument. The lute is always associated with the accompanying of songs, especially of love-songs, and is therefore suitable as the instrument of Petrarch, whose sonnets were love-sonnets.

Petrarch: (1304-1374.) Francesco Petrarca was born at Arezzo in Tuscany in 1304. He was one of the great poets of Italy, and especially famous for *Sonnets* on his love for Laura, a young lady to whom he was attached, but who was already married, and never encouraged Petrarch's passion. Petrarch, besides his polished and delicate poems in the modern Italian, also wrote much in Latin, and was one of the chief of those collectors of manuscripts who revived the study of Greek in Europe.

5. **pipe**: the instrument which usually accompanied rural and pastoral poetry: the shepherds in artificial pastorals sang their songs to the sound of a rustic pipe. It is appropriate to Tasso, who is well known as a pastoral poet, as well as a writer of other forms of poetry.

Tasso: Torquato Tasso (1544-1593), a great Italian poet. He fell in love with a lady of one of the greatest Italian families, Leonora D'Este of Ferrara, but his position as a dependent of her brother's princely establishment rendered their marriage out of the question. He wrote beautiful sonnets on this un-

fortunate love. His great work, however, is the *Gerusalemme Liberata* (Jerusalem Delivered), a great epic. In his later years his brain appears to have become weak, and he was placed in a madhouse, where, in intervals of sanity, he wrote some of his best verses. He died at Rome, in the midst of honour and applause.

6. Camöens: Luis de Camoens (1527-1579), the great poet of Portugal. He was born in Lisbon, and formed an attachment for a very great lady there; was banished to Santarem (some miles N. of Lisbon), it is supposed for this cause; served in the Portuguese fleet, and spent some time in a Portuguese colony. A satire written there resulted in a second banishment, to Macao (S. coast of China). He afterwards returned to Lisbon, and brought out his great epic poem, *The Lusiad*, but it was neglected, and the poet, after living wretchedly for some time, died in a public hospital. Besides his epic he wrote plays and smaller poems, and is famous for his sonnets, which Wordsworth alludes to as soothing his exile.

7, 8. a gay myrtle leaf Amid the cypress: ‘Myrtle’ is the symbol of joyous love, and ‘cypress’ of death and mourning: the meaning here is that Dante’s sonnets on love (symbolized by the myrtle) are in contrast with the gloom and solemnity (the cypress) of his *Divine Comedy*.

8. Dante: Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), the greatest Italian poet. He was born at Florence, where in his youth he became attached to Beatrice Portinari, who died while he was still a young man. He always remembered her, however, and represents her as the inspiring muse of his poems. His love-sonnets are written of her. In 1302, having taken part in the political quarrels between the Guelphs and Ghibellines by which Florence was agitated, he was banished, and his great work, the *Divina Commedia*, was written in exile. It describes his imaginary wanderings through the world of the departed, and is divided into three Visions: *i.e.* of Hell, of Purgatory, and of Paradise. His sonnets to Beatrice are collected by himself under the title of the *Vita Nuova*. Dante died at Ravenna, still an exile after years of unhappy wanderings.

9. His visionary brow: the brows containing that brain so fertile in imaginations of dread and beautiful objects.

a glow-worm lamp: The sonnets of Spenser, being few in number and small in extent compared to his other work (notably the *Faerie Queene*), are compared to the small soft light of the glow-worm, in contrast to the dazzling brilliancy of his greater creations.

10, 11. mild Spenser, called from Faery-Land To struggle through dark ways: Edmund Spenser (born probably 1553, died 1599), the greatest Elizabethan poet, after Shakspere. He was

educated at Cambridge, and later was given a small office in Ireland, whither he went to live. He was there granted land and the castle of Kilcolman, in which he and his wife resided. As he held office under the hated English government, when a rebellion broke out in Ireland, Spenser's house was attacked and burnt, and he fled to London. In that city he died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His great poem, the *Faerie Queene*, was composed chiefly in Ireland: it is an allegory, and was to have been in twelve books, each typifying a moral virtue. Of these he only completed six. He wrote other poems—*The Shepherd's Calendar*, *Tears of the Muses*, sonnets, etc. Wordsworth's lines here mean that from his exquisite inner life of beauty, which he led in composing the *Faerie Queene*, he was called to earth to the troubled paths he had to tread in his duties amid the ill-treated and rebellious Irish.

11, 12. when a damp Fell round the path of Milton: John Milton (1608-1675), is one of the greatest of English poets and men of letters. He was very highly cultivated in the classics and in Italian, and was a fiery controversialist as well as a poet. His controversial powers were used on the Puritan side in the struggle between King and Parliament which went on during his life: after the execution of Charles I. he was made 'Secretary for Foreign Tongues' to the Commonwealth under Cromwell. In 1652 he became quite blind, and when the Restoration of Charles II. took place he was obliged to live in obscurity, and in rather poor circumstances. Milton, the great Puritan poet of England, will ever be known as the author of the greatest English epic, the *Paradise Lost*. He wrote other poems and few but very fine sonnets, seldom on the subject of love; he treats religion, patriotism, and domestic affection, while some of the loftiest are on his blindness, and on his own aspirations to greatness.

a damp is equivalent to a 'mist.' Milton's later years were clouded. Probably also there is a reference to his blindness. In any case Wordsworth was led to use 'damp,' a less appropriate term than 'mist,' by the necessities of rhyme. Milton's own reference to his later troubles is well known: he says, he still sings on

" though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude."—*Par. Lost*, VII. 25.

II.

This sonnet was prefixed by Wordsworth as *Prefatory Sonnet* to a collection published in 1807.

3. **pensive citadels**: ‘Citadels,’ their studies, where they shut themselves in for thought and work as in a fortress. ‘Pensive’ here has the literal meaning ‘full of thought,’ from the Fr. *pensif*, thoughtful: derived from Lat. *pensare*, to weigh over.

4. **Maids at the wheel**: spinning at a wheel. The women of a family of old spun all the linen for household use at their own spinning wheels.

loom: the old-fashioned single machine for spinning cloth, which, more primitive than the present steam-driven machinery, required a man to work it, somewhat as one person works a sewing-machine.

6. **Furness-fells**: the hills of Furness, on the north-west coast of Morecambe Bay (in Cumberland and the extreme north of Lancashire).

8, 9. **the prison, unto which we doom Ourselves, no prison is**: i.e. if of our own accord we choose to stay within certain limits, such limits cannot be called a prison. The images in the preceding lines illustrate this idea.

10. **sundry**: literally, ‘different,’ from ‘sunder,’ to divide into different parts. Here it means in ‘certain’ of my moods.

13. The metre of this line requires that the two first words, “who have,” should be pronounced as one syllable, ‘who’ve.’

LONDON, 1802.

In 1802 the English were expecting an attack by the French under Napoleon Buonaparte, who had made himself ruler of France under the name of ‘First Consul,’ and who was practically master of a large part of Europe besides. Against the attack of such a victorious general, in command of such vast forces, England had need of all her ancient courage and greatness.

1. **Milton**: See note on Sonnet I., l. 12. Wordsworth specially refers here to the well-known enthusiasm for liberty with which Milton fought for England, against what he considered the tyranny of the Stuarts.

3. **stagnant**: standing still, not flowing; from Lat. *stagnum*, a pool.

3, 4. **altar, sword, and pen, Fireside**: the Church, Army, Literature (‘the Press’), and Domestic Life.

4. **the heroic wealth of hall and bower**: courage in the men and women of noble families, to which had so often belonged the heroes of British history.

4. **bower**: here in the old meaning of a lady's sitting-room.
5. **dower**: endowment. Lat. *dotare*, to endow, from *do*, *dare*, give.
8. **manners**: here almost equivalent to 'morals,' character, like Fr. *mœurs*. Lat. *mores* often meant 'character.' Etymologically 'manners' means 'ways of doing things,' from Lat. *manus*, a hand. 'Manners maketh man' is an old saying containing the same use of the word.
9. A splendid simile, comparing Milton's soul, lofty, bright, removed from earthly contaminations, to a star—especially a guiding-star to the people.
10. **whose sound was like the sea**: the majesty of Milton's style causes him to be compared to most majestic sounds: Tennyson calls him "God-gifted organ-voice of England."
11. **naked**: unobscured by clouds, serene.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND, 1807.

In 1807, when this was written, Napoleon Buonaparte had made himself practically master of the whole of the continent of Europe; Switzerland had been a republic until Napoleon made it a French dependency, "and it is impossible to say to what special incident, if to any, Wordsworth refers in l. 5."

1, 2. **the sea, ... the mountains**: The chief strongholds of liberty have always been in the sea and among the mountains, e.g. British liberty has been preserved time after time upon the sea, and Swiss liberty among the mountains of Switzerland.

5. **a Tyrant**: Napoleon.

7. **Alpine holds**: i.e. Alpine fortresses, strong places. 'Strongholds' is the more common usage.

9. The voice of Switzerland is no longer free, and Liberty has been deprived of its sound there.

10. **cleave**: to cling to. The correct past tense of this verb is 'cleaved,' not 'clave.' It must not be confused with 'cleave,' to split, past tense 'clave,' past participle 'cloven.'

cleave to that which still is left: i.e. to Britain. During Napoleon's victorious career on the continent, there were constant rumours of his intention to invade England. Wordsworth here appeals to Liberty not to allow herself to be banished from the island.

YEW-TREES.

In a note written by himself, Wordsworth speaks of this poem and one other (*A Night Piece*) as the most imaginative of all his poetry. It is the only piece in this selection which is in blank verse (*i.e.* unrhymed lines of ten syllables each), and is a very fine example of Wordsworth's majestic use of that form of expression.

1. Yew-tree: The yew is an evergreen tree of the fir tribe, usually rising three or four feet from the ground, and then sending out numerous spreading branches, which form a dense head of foliage. Its sombre character makes it an emblem of death and mourning, and it is frequently seen in English church-yards, the burial-places of the dead. It is noted for the extreme old age to which it attains, there being, it is said, evidence that it will reach 1500 years.

pride of Lorton Vale: This great tree was some 23 feet in circumference when Wordsworth wrote: since then, nearly a third has been carried away from the trunk in a great storm. In its mutilated state, it narrowly escaped being cut-up for timber, and was only saved by the interposition of a gentleman who reverenced it as the inspiration of Wordsworth's poem. It still stands, a venerable ruin.

Lorton Vale: a valley in Cumberland, towards the south-west, near the river Cocker.

3. its own darkness: the deep shade made by its boughs.

of yore: formerly. 'Yore' is from the same A.S. word as 'year,' and this literally means 'of years, during years.'

4. loth: unwilling. Therefore 'not loth' = willing. The word originally meant 'hateful,' 'odious,' hence to be 'avoided.' The verb 'to loathe' comes from the same word.

to furnish weapons: bows for the archers who were so noted a part of English armies in mediæval times. Through Edward III.'s encouragement of the art of archery, the English became foremost as archers throughout Europe. Archery in warfare decayed in Europe as firearms became used. The bows of English archers were what are called 'self-bows,' made of one single piece of wood, generally yew, which was most highly esteemed for this purpose.

5. Umfraville: the Umfravilles or Umfrevilles were a great family holding a barony in Northumberland during the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. As an English Border family they would share with the Percies in the raids and skirmishes that took place against the Scottish Border families.

5. **Percy**: the great family of Northumberland. They were created Lords of Alnwick in Northumberland, and, in Richard II.'s reign, Earls of Northumberland. They were a fiery race, ever ready to take part in the warfare so often going on between the Borderers of England and Scotland. The best known of the family is Henry Hotspur, killed in battle in Henry IV.'s reign.

6. **To Scotland's heaths**: 'heaths' is an appropriate term for the Scottish country across the Border, where there are plains of great extent covered with heather.

those: in this line is an objective case after the 'for' of line 4, repeated.

7. **sounding bows**: alluding to the loud vibration of the tightly-drawn bow-string after the arrow is let fly from it.

Azincour: more usually spelt Agincourt, a village near the north-east coast of France, in the department called Pas de Calais. It was the scene of a great English victory over the French in 1415, when Henry V., invading France, found his army too much weakened to continue his intended expedition into that country, and, in retreating towards Calais, was cut-off by a French army of 50,000 men. Henry with a force of only 15,000 won the battle that ensued, in which the English archers played a great part.

8. **Creçy**: a small town near the north-east coast of France, on the river Somme. When Edward III. was invading France, in 1346, the French and English forces met here, the former more than doubling the latter in numbers. The English won gloriously, their archers here also being of very great service.

Poictiers: a French town in the south-west part of France. Here Edward III. won the second of his great victories in France, in 1356, ten years after Creçy. The English army was commanded by Edward the Black Prince, and is said to have consisted only of 8000 men, against a French force of 60,000. The English had a very strong position, and when the French horse pressed forward to attack them, the English arrows drove them back. After a desperate fight the French were completely routed.

11. This line embodies the idea that what is slowly and gradually built-up will last. Compare in the *Nightingale and Stockdove* the line

"Slow to begin and never ending."

12. It is melancholy to reflect that these lines have been falsified by the later destruction (since Wordsworth wrote) of this splendid tree-monument.

14. **Borrowdale**: in Cumberland, south of Derwent-Water. These four yews at Borrowdale still exist, as imposing as in

Wordsworth's time, and indeed "an ideal grove for ghostly visitants."

15. **solemn**, not only through their dark hue and rugged grandeur, but also because of their gloomy associations as a tree of mourning.

16. **each particular trunk**: 'Particular' here is pleonastic, i.e. it is unnecessary to the sense, but emphasizes it, meaning, each 'separate' trunk.

18. **inveterately convolved**: 'Inveterately' here means 'from the most ancient times'; from Lat. *in*, in, and *vetus*, old. 'Inveterate' should always be used merely in the sense of long-standing, ancient. 'Convolved,' wreathed together, is from Lat. *convolvere*, to roll together, to writhe about, from which also 'convolvulus,' the twining plant.

19. **Nor uninformed with Phantasy**: 'Inform' is from Lat. *informare*, to put into shape, and hence to shape or fashion a person in knowledge, to impart spiritual and mental form. It also at times means 'to inspire,' being used of some idea which gives life and form to some object, as here.

Phantasy: From Greek *φαντασία* (*phantasia*), fancy, of which word phantasy is only a variant spelling. The whole phrase means that Fancy leads one to believe the trees to be 'informed' with life.

19, 20. **looks That threaten the profane**: 'Profane' is from *pro*, before (i.e. outside of), and *fanum*, the temple: it means that which belongs to the 'outside' of a temple, unfitted for the solemnity of the temple itself, and hence irreverent. There is here a special appropriateness in the word, since the grove made by the trees is compared to a temple (line 29).

20-23. **a pillared shade**: The canopy causing the shade is upheld by the pillar-like trunks of the trees. The ground beneath, whereon no grass grows, is carpeted with the soft dead foliage, which constantly falls and is not removed. The shed foliage of trees of the fir tribe is generally dull reddish brown in colour.

22. **pining umbrage**: Umbrage here stands for that which casts a shade, viz., the foliage: generally, it signifies the shade itself. It is derived from Lat. *umbra*, shadow, with suffix *-age* from Lat. *-aticum*, through Fr. *ombrage*, shade. 'Pining' means wasting away, falling to earth.

23. **Perennially**: everlasting; literally, lasting throughout years, from Lat. *per*, through, and *annus*, a year.

sable roof: black roof. The word sable is really the name of an animal, from which fur is procured, and the best fur from

these animals being dark, the word has come to mean dark. It is derived from the Russian *sobole*, the animal, through Fr. *sable*.

25. **With unrejoicing berries:** The berries are dark and dismal in hue, unlike the crimson holly-berries and white mistletoe which deck houses for festal occasions.

26. **May meet at noontide:** i.e. even in the middle of the day ghosts may find there the darkness which is congenial to them, as at midnight.

26-28. These lines contain a series of personifications of abstractions, similar to those so common in the eighteenth century poetry, but comparatively rare in Wordsworth. When used incessantly this practice becomes poor in effect, and obviously artificial.

28-31. **to celebrate ... United worship:** i.e. to solemnize worship together. ‘Celebrate’ is from Lat. *celebrare*, to frequent, to honour, to solemnize the rites of. ‘Worship’ is short for ‘worth-ship.’

33. **Glaramara:** a mountain in Cumberland.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

This poem was written soon after the death of Nelson in the war against the French (probably in 1807). Wordsworth, in a note written by himself, remarks that news of the death of Lord Nelson caused the train of thought which led to writing the poem, and adds that, great as the admiral’s virtues were, “his public life was stained with one great crime.” In it expression is given to the poet’s ideal of a ‘warrior’—a man of action, fighting not only material battles, but also against temptations which beset every man, and especially that of aiming at undue power in the State.

3-5. Three consecutive rhymes, instead of the rhymed couplet in which the poem for the most part is written. Triplets of rhyme occur here and there throughout the piece (lines 12-14, 65-67, 74-76, and 81-83).

4. **wrought:** the old past tense and past participle of the verb ‘to work.’ ‘Wrought with gold’ is equivalent to ‘worked with gold.’ Also compare *wheelwright*, a worker of wheels, etc.

4, 5. **hath wrought Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:** acted on the plans he made as a child for high and noble living.

6-9. The fact of his aiming always at the highest makes it easy for him, ignoring as he does all middle paths of compromise with his conscience, to see what must be his action. Seeing by

natural instinct what great things wisdom can perform for humanity, he works industriously to gain it.

10, 11. Not only seeks wisdom—*i.e.* to ‘know’ the right, but also goodness, *i.e.* to ‘do’ the right when he knows it.

12-18. Who, though he must of necessity see Pain and Fear and Bloodshed around him, makes a good out of the necessity by helping others, and by keeping strong mastery over himself. Compare Shakspere—

“ Sweet are the uses of adversity
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.”

As You Like It, II. i. 12-14.

12, 13. with Pain, And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train : These lines are very much in the style of the school of poets preceding Wordsworth, of which Gray and Collins were members. The emotions and actions of men are personified (*i.e.* written with a capital letter, and spoken of as beings capable of action themselves), and we have the word ‘train,’ used so often (in Collins and in Goldsmith especially), as almost to become a badge of their period in poetry.

17. transmutes : changes. (Lat. *trans*, across ; *mutare*, to change.) The term was much used in alchemy, which treated of ‘transmuting’ baser metals into gold.

17, 18. bereaves Of their bad influence : ‘Bereaves’ here is equivalent to ‘deprives.’ It is not an ordinary use, ‘bereave’ usually meaning to ‘deprive of something dear to one.’ From a verb meaning ‘to despoil’; ‘rob’ is from the same original stem.

19, 20. He is made full of pity even by evil objects and wrong-doing, which might force the soul to become unfeeling and callous.

abate : to diminish, originally to beat down, through Fr. from Low Lat. *abbattere*, to beat down ; ‘batter’ is from the same original stem.

21. placable : forgiving, unrevengeful. (Lat. *placabilis*, easy to appease.)

22. such sacrifice : *i.e.* the sacrifice of all revengeful feelings, so often roused by others’ treatment of him.

23, 24. The more he is tempted, the more he knows his own strength in resisting ; and by each temptation resisted he becomes the more pure.

24-26. Suffering only makes him able to endure, and full of pity for others.

29. Whence : equivalent to ‘wherefore,’ ‘from which’; *i.e.* because reason is his law.

29. **still**: here equivalent to ‘constantly.’ See note 23, *The Cuckoo* (p. 110).

29-34. Men are constantly tempted to do a wrong act in order, as they think, to prevent a greater wrong, especially in commercial and public life; and whereas even their best actions often rest on mere convenience and what is known as expediency, the hero disregards these, and acts only on the rules of pure abstract ‘right.’

35-37. He does not plot secretly for power, as so many do who gain it; and will rather give up all power than do what he considers dishonourable.

38. **And in himself possess his own desire**: He will possess the satisfaction of his desire for goodness in ‘himself,’ if he is denied the power of inspiring it into the outer world.

43, 44. If honours come to him, it is not through his seeking and intriguing for them, but because his worth makes it natural for men to honour him; the honours follow him, as it were.

showers of manna: the food which fell from heaven to nourish the Israelites in the wilderness (*Exodus*, ch. xvi. 15). ‘Manna’ is a Hebrew word.

47. **peculiar grace**: i.e. a grace peculiar to himself—not ‘curious’ grace. ‘Peculiar’ was originally equivalent to ‘one’s own.’ (Lat. *peculium*, private property of a slave, allied to *pecunia*, property.)

49, 50. Some moment in which Providence has placed events and conflicts whose decision affects the whole of humanity.

joined and **kind** are made to rhyme in this couplet, as constantly in the eighteenth century; e.g. Gray, *Sonnet on Death of Mr. Richard West*, ‘shine’ rhymes with ‘join’; Collins, *Ode on the Poetical Character*, ‘mind’ rhymes with ‘join’d,’ etc. This is due, not to a liberty, but to an old pronunciation.

53, 54. Uninfluenced by momentary excitement, he acts on principles chosen in calmness, and “sees what he *foresaw*,” i.e. is not blinded by conflict to ignore differences between right and wrong, which he has recognized as such ‘before’ the time of trial.

55. **succeed**: here means ‘follow’; the correct meaning by derivation.

57. **endued**: ‘Endue’ is an old spelling of ‘endow,’ from Lat. *in* and *dotare*, to endow, through Fr. (same derivational stem as ‘dowry’).

59. **master-bias**: ‘A bias’ is a slanting line, and hence a disposition or an inclination towards a certain thing, a particular tendency of mind. The compound ‘master-bias’ is of Wordsworth’s own composition; (compare *master-passion*, in frequent use, and of almost the same meaning).

57-62. Though he seems to have a special power in stormy times, he is really one whose character most delights in the quiet happiness of home.

63. **to approve**: here ‘to show by his own conduct, to prove’; from Lat. *probare*, to make good. This sense of ‘approve’ is less usual than the sense ‘to esteem as good.’

64. In risking himself he risks more than one does who cares only for himself; the interest in and protection of those whom he loves are dearer to him than his own career.

68. **toward or untoward**: favourable or unfavourable. ‘Untoward’ is common as an adjective, and ‘toward’ in the opposite sense is made appropriate by being employed in the same phrase.

71. He acts not with the doubt of a gambler who may or may not win his stake, but with the certainty that by doing his best he ‘must’ win what he most values, the consciousness of a pure life.

74-76. To have done well in the past does not satisfy him ; he ever strives to do better.

76. **self-surpast**: ‘surpassed’ would be the more usual spelling. ‘Past’ is the common adjectival form, while ‘passed’ is the participial. The pronunciation being the same, the older writers used sometimes one, sometimes the other form, without any distinction, as with many other words.

78. **to noble deeds give birth**: because tales of nobility and heroism are inspiring to others to try and equal them.

81. **his cause**: his side, that for which he fought, viz., goodness.

82. **the mortal mist**: the darkness of death. So also in Browning, *Prospice*—

“ Fear Death ? To feel the fog in my throat
The *mist* in my face ? ”

BYRON.

CHILDE HAROLD.

This poem is in four cantos, the first two having been published in 1812, the third in 1816, and the fourth in 1818. The first canto principally describes wanderings and reflections in Spain and Portugal, the second in Greece, the Aegean Archipelago and Albania, and the third in Switzerland, Belgium, and the Rhine country. The fourth canto describes Italy—Venice, Ferrara, Florence, Rome, Ravenna.

The metre is the nine-lined stanza, which is used by Spenser in his *Faerie Queene*, and known as the Spenserian. In his preface to the first and second cantos Byron explains that he used the title “Childe” for his hero because it was an ancient title of nobility, and, as such, is in consonance with the archaic structure of the verse. He also asserts in this preface that the character, into whose mouth are put the reflections and opinions in the poem, is no real personage, but entirely imaginary. In spite of this assertion, however, the critics afterwards hinted that it represented Byron himself. This disbelief in his word decided him in the last canto to speak frankly and admittedly in his own character, still under the name of Childe Harold.

CANTO III. (PUBLISHED 1816).

STANZAS 21 TO 28 (INCLUSIVE).—BEFORE WATERLOO.

In June, 1815, the Duke of Wellington, with an army composed of Englishmen and Netherlanders, was in Brussels, ready for the expected struggle with the French under Napoleon. His army was to be aided by the Prussian allies under Blucher.

Byron appears to treat the fights at Quatre-Bras on 16th June, 1815, and at Waterloo, on 18th June, as portions of one battle, which is really the true state of the case. The ball which the following verses describe was given by the Duchess of Richmond, in Brussels, on the night of 15th June. The Duke of Wellington, who was awaiting in Brussels the struggle which was to take place between his army with its allies and the French under

Napoleon, had news of the French approach before the ball. He decided to march out early in the morning, but kept his resolve secret from the public, only telling a few of his officers. At a certain hour, while actually at the ball, the majority of the officers were called away to prepare for the march, and in a few hours were on the way to the field of Quatre-Bras. The encounter there was only that of portions of each army; the English were victorious, but immediately afterwards fell back in order to join with the Prussian allies who were to aid them against the great body of French under Napoleon. The battle of Waterloo took place afterwards, on the 18th. It is clear that Byron thinks of Waterloo as well as of Quatre-Bras, from the allusion in the second line of verse 18, preceding this selection; and also from line 69, which refers to the storm on the morning of Waterloo.

6. **voluptuous swell**: ‘Voluptuous’ means that which gratifies the senses, and excites to pleasure.

9. **rising knell**: a knell whose sound is beginning. The knell is the sound of a funeral-bell. The verb corresponding is ‘to knoll’: Shakspere has “his knell is knolled.”

14. **To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet**: *i.e.* to dance away the merry hours. The hours are personified, as often among the Greeks, and ‘glowing’ suits the conception of these mythical maiden forms, speeding away full of life and joy. The young and gay (Youth and Pleasure) are imagined as dancing rapidly after the Hours as these flit away.

19. **windowed niche of that high hall**: A ‘niche’ is a recess in the wall. It is derived from Fr. *niche*, Italian *nicchia*, a shell-like recess, from Lat. *mitulum*, a shell. ‘A windowed niche’ is a bay or oriel window; ‘that high hall’ is the ballroom.

20. **Brunswick’s fated chieftain**: the Duke of Brunswick, whose father was killed earlier (1806) fighting against Napoleon at Jena, where the French defeated the Prussians and allies; and who is himself “fated” to fall at Quatre-Bras.

21. **the first**: *i.e.* he, first of all the guests, heard it.

22. **Death’s prophetic ear**: It is an old fancy that persons near to death receive special powers of second-sight and prophecy.

23. **deem’d**: ‘Deem’ means ‘to think,’ ‘suppose’: originally ‘to judge.’

24. **that peal**: the sound of Napoleon’s cannon. The word ‘peal’ is appropriate, as it is also used of funeral-bells.

25. **on a bloody bier**: at Jena (see note on l. 20).

27. Note alliteration in this line (*i.e.* use of several words beginning with the same letter), in ‘field,’ ‘foremost,’ ‘fighting,’

'fell.' Alliteration is an old and somewhat barbarous poetical device, but is capable of being made very effective when used in moderation, and with careful good taste.

35. **those mutual eyes**: 'Mutual' properly means 'reciprocal,' each acting in return to the other; the use here is correct. 'Mutual' should never be used to mean something merely common to two (or more) objects. It is incorrect to speak of a 'mutual friend.' The word is derived from Lat. *mutare*, to change, and originally meant 'exchanged' or 'exchanging.' In the text it is the eyes of lovers and friends which meet each other with answering affection.

38. **The mustering squadron**: the assembling of divisions of cavalry. 'Muster' originally meant to collect men for a review or display, through Fr. from Lat. *monstrare*, to show. A 'squadron' originally meant 'a square,' like which it is derived from Lat. *quadrare*, to square. A squadron is a principal division of cavalry, from 100 to 200 men, or a detachment of ships of war.

clattering car: 'Car' is a Celtic word, found in Welsh, Irish, etc. In Latin Caesar uses *carrus* to signify four-wheeled vehicles used by Celtic tribes in Gaul. In poetry 'chariot,' another form of the word, is often used; here it probably means the vehicles connected with the artillery.

42. **alarming drum**: not 'terrifying' (which would be in very bad taste), but calling to arms. 'Alarum' is from Italian *all'arme*, 'to arms.' Compare Shakspere's use of 'alarum,' 'strike alarum, drums!' (*Richard III.* IV. iv. 148), meaning 'call to arms, drums,' and such expressions as 'alarum clock.'

46, 47. **the Cameron's gathering**: 'war-note of Lochiel.' Cameron of Lochiel is the head of a powerful Scottish Highland clan.

47. **Albyn's hills**: Albyn is the Gaelic name for Scotland. So Albion is poetically used of Great Britain.

48. **Saxon foes**: the Highlanders, like the Welsh and Irish, are of the Celtic race. The Englishman and the Lowland Scot are of Saxon (or Sassenach). The reference is to the days when the several parts of Great Britain were at war.

49. **the noon of night**: a fine expression for midnight.

pibroch: a Gaelic word (from *pib*, pipe), meaning the music of the bagpipe, a Scottish martial tune which aroused the clans to action. It should not be applied to the bagpipe itself, as it sometimes is by the unenlightened Saxon. (Pronounce 'pee-broch,' 'ch' as in 'loch.')

52. **instils**: infuses, pours into, from Lat. *stillare*, to fall by drops (*stilla*, a drop). One might fancy that here, as elsewhere, Byron had felt a difficulty in rhyming.

54. **Evan's, Donald's fame**: Sir Evan Cameron and his descendant Donald, chiefs of the Lochiel clan.

clansman: The Highlanders of Scotland were divided into great families or clans, in which even most remote branches and humble offshoots preserved fealty to the head of the house, and would follow his lead to the death. Thus they could recall ancient instances of their battles together.

55. **Byron's own note on this line** is: "The wood of Soignies" (which occupies part of the plain of Waterloo) "is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes ... immortal in Shakspere's *As You Like It.*" The wood, however, could hardly be part of the forest of Ardennes. With regard to Shakspere's use it was probably borrowed from a forest of Arden in Warwickshire.

57. **aught**: equivalent to 'anything.' It stands etymologically for 'a whit,' a thing, a particle. Hence 'not,' the same word as 'naught,' i.e. 'no whit.' The original spelling was *wiht*, which was the parent word of *whit*, and of *wight*, a person.

if aught inanimate e'er grieves: an example of the contrast between Byron and Wordsworth when speaking of Nature (e.g. in *Lines Written in Early Spring*).

58. **the unreturning brave**: 'the brave,' adjective used as noun, a use commoner in most other languages than in English. Here it is a general term for the soldiers, as often. Many of them are going "to that bourn from which no traveller returns."

60, 61. **Which now beneath them, but above shall grow In its next verdure**: The construction is 'which now (grows) beneath (their feet) but which shall grow above (them),' i.e. next spring it will grow above their graves.

61. **this fiery mass**: this throng, filled with the fiery spirit of daring.

62. **on** is equivalent here to 'towards'; Byron's expression is often lax enough to be called slovenly. The word 'now' inserted before 'rolling' would be of assistance to the sense, i.e. "now rolling towards the foe."

63. **moulder**: turn to 'mould,' 'earth.'

64. **lusty life**: vigorous life. The original meaning of 'lust' is vigour.

69. The day of the battle was stormy in the morning. The construction 'which when rent' at the end of this line is un-

grammatical, standing for ‘when which are rent’: as it stands, ‘which’ appears to be a nominative case to some verb other than ‘rent,’ which verb, however, is not forthcoming.

70. *with other clay*: *i.e.* with the slain.

71, 72. The earth’s own clay shall cover that other clay, viz., the dead rider and horse, friend and foe, heaped and forced down and mixed in one red burial.

pent: here equivalent to ‘pressed together.’ It stands for ‘penned,’ past participle of ‘to pen,’ to enclose.

blent: mixed, blended: it stands for blended.

CANTO IV.

The fourth and last canto of the poem was composed about eight years after the first. Byron dedicated it to his friend John Hobhouse, in a letter dated Venice, 2nd Jan., 1818, which serves as preface. In this letter to Hobhouse he speaks of his pleasure in the composition of the poem, and expressly states that the reflections supposed to be spoken by the wandering Childe are “slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person.” So that we have here the frankly-acknowledged expression of Byron himself, with no attempt at dramatic colouring.

STANZAS 128 TO 145.—THE COLISEUM.

In the course of his wanderings through Italy he has come to Rome, and, as he lingers amid the ruins of the Coliseum, the splendid and terrible associations of the spot inspire him with these verses.

1-4. **Arches on arches ... Her Coliseum**: The word Coliseum is a later corruption of ‘Colosseum,’ so called from ‘Colossus,’ the colossal statue of the sun which once stood beside it. The statue had once been that of Nero, and had stood in another part of Rome. After Nero’s fall the head was removed, and that of the Sun-god substituted. The termination in ‘-eum’ is Greek *-εῖον* (-eion), and means the ‘house’ or ‘temple of.’ Compare ‘museum,’ temple of the muses, and ‘Athenaeum,’ temple of Athena. The Coliseum is the name applied to the great amphitheatre at Rome, built under Vespasian and Titus, A.D. 77-80. Here took place the great exhibitions of wild animals and of gladiatorial contests, which were abolished by Honorius in the fourth century A.D. “It was a building of elliptic figure, founded on four score arches, and rising in four stories to 140 feet high. The outside was incrusted with marble and decorated with statues. Inside it enclosed a circular space (the arena) 287

ft. by 180 ft., while the outer circle of the walls was 620 ft. by 513 ft. Between these rings was the space for spectators, sloping up from the arena to the outer wall in 60 or 80 rows of marble seats covered with cushions, on which 80,000 persons could sit. There was a great canopy to be drawn overhead in case protection against sun or rain were necessary. The arena in the central space was separated from the audience by a wall 15 feet high." The whole was ornamented, it is said, with mosaics of gold and precious stones.

2. chief trophies: A trophy is, properly, the monument of an enemy's defeat, derived through Fr. and Lat. from Greek *τροπαῖον* (*tropaion*), trophy, from *τρόπη* (*tropé*), a rout, putting an enemy to flight.

of her line: of her ancestry or pedigree, *i.e.* of her consuls and emperors.

3. dome: The Coliseum is circular in form, but was not roofed, as the word 'dome' would imply to modern ears. In its older meaning 'dome' (Lat. *domus*, a house) is especially used by the poets to signify any building of noble proportions.

5. As 'twere: an impersonal phrase here, as frequently; otherwise it would be incorrect to use the singular pronoun ('it is for 'it') for 'moonbeams' and 'torches.' 'As 'twere' is equivalent to 'as (if) it (viz., the condition of things) were ...'; 'as if the moonbeams were the natural and proper way of lighting this building by night'; the common torch being unworthy of the greatness of the scene.

6. illume: a poetic form of 'illumine' and 'illuminate,' from the Lat. *lumen*, light. It means 'to make light or clear.'

7, 8. mine of contemplation: treasure-place of objects and memories inspiring to contemplate. Many have already contemplated the scene and drawn thoughts and suggestions from it, but it is inexhaustible, and Byron can still find in it material for his poetry.

7. still = always, a frequent old use.

8. azure gloom: *i.e.* not a black darkness, but with something of the blue sky of day tinging it.

10. Hues which have words: the colours of the sky touch the sensibilities, and stir the thoughts and elevate them, as if they could speak.

ye: properly only to be used in the nominative case, a distinction which is generally forgotten (even in Milton's time).

13-15. In that which Time has injured without utterly destroying—where his hand has leant and broken them in part, but which his scythe has not razed to the ground—we feel a spirit.

15. **broke** = broken, as in Shakspere and poets frequently.

17. **For which**, etc.: *i.e.* in order to obtain which the palace must wait till it is dowered with age, must give up its splendour (cease to be inhabited by splendour), and become old and half-ruined.

19. A human face after death often wears a look of beautiful calm not seen in life.

20. **Adorner of the ruin**: in time, ruins are softened and ornamented by moss, ivy, etc.

23, 24. **philosopher ... sophists**: A ‘philosopher’ is one who studies the great principles and laws which underlie all nature and right human conduct. The word is the Greek *φιλόσοφος* (*philosophos*), loving wisdom. A ‘sophist’ was one who taught oratory and politics for pay; his methods were tricky and showy rather than genuinely zealous for truth. The word is derived from *σοφίζω* (*sophizo*), to devise, to be clever. Here Byron says Time alone is the philosopher, the true reasoner and tester of truth. All others are superficial and falsifying in their attempts.

24, 25. **thy thrift, Which never loses though it doth defer**: The particular thing which Time defers, but which is never lost, seems to be retribution, by the following verses. The construction here requires that ‘for all beside are sophists’ should be placed in a parenthesis; then ‘from thy thrift’ (= ‘by reason of thy thrift’) gives the explanation of the statement that Time is the ‘sole philosopher,’ etc.

27. **a gift**: The gift he craves of Time is expressed in line 36, “shall they not mourn,” etc.; he wishes that those who have injured him shall mourn—that his forgiveness shall (l. 89)—

“on their soften’d spirits sink, and move,
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.”

28, 29. **thou**: Time, who has made a shrine for himself in the ruins of the Coliseum, a temple more divine in its desolation than even when new and complete.

30, 31. **Among thy mightier offerings here are mine, Ruins of years**, etc.. ‘Thy mightier offerings,’ *i.e.* offerings paid to thee. ‘Here are mine,’ etc., *i.e.* here are my offerings, which are the ruins of his own past years; ‘though few yet full of fate,’ *i.e.* few, yet of marked good and evil lot. Byron, at the time of writing this, was only twenty-nine.

32. **elate** · uplifted, vain of his success. ‘Elated’ is more common.

33, 34. **borne Good**: *i.e.* borne good ‘fortune,’ for which the Lat. is *bona* alone, and the Fr. *le bien*. The lines mean, “any

good fortune which I may have had has never made me proud, I have only been proud at being hated . . ." Byron did, indeed, have to bear sudden good-fortune in the enthusiasm which his work aroused all at once. He himself said, "I awoke one morning to find myself famous."

34, 35. **the hate Which** (try as it may) shall not whelm me : 'whelm' is used for overwhelm, which is much more ordinary, but which presupposes the uncompounded word.

36. **This iron in my soul**, etc. : a Biblical expression. 'Iron in my soul,' bitter sorrow in my soul. Byron is thinking of the expression "the iron hath entered into my soul" (*Ps. cv. 18*).

they : i.e. those who have poured hate on him.

37, 38. **Nemesis** : the Greek *νέμεσις* (*nemesis*), allotment, retribution, from *νέμειν* (*nemein*), to distribute (i.e. the distribution of his fate to each). In the Greek mythology Nemesis was the name of the Goddess of Vengeance, and this is its force here. Nemesis does not allow human wrongs to go unavenged.

39. **Here** : the Romans worshipped Nemesis, to whom great honour was paid. They had temples to her in various places, and there was one at Rome.

the ancient : Byron uses the singular instead of the usual plural form, 'the ancients.'

40-43. The Furies were the ministers of the vengeance of the gods ; they are also called 'Erinyes' or 'Eumenides.' They drove criminals into madness and further crime, and may be considered an allegorical representation of remorseful thoughts at work in the human mind. Nemesis called them from the "abyss" of Tartarus (the lower regions), to persecute Orestes for killing his mother Clytaemnestra in punishment for her murder of her husband Agamemnon, (Orestes' father). It was unnatural that the son should take revenge for the crime, though it would perhaps have been "just . . . from hands less near."

47. **For sins of my ancestors, or for my own sins.** "The Byron family had been an impulsive, passionate race, vehement alike in love and hatred." Another account says Byron belonged to a House "which had figured in our history from the time of the Crusades, and had been for several generations notorious for the vices and even crimes of its representatives."

48. **withal** : a form of 'with,' strengthened by adding 'al,' 'all,' meaning 'altogether with.' It has an adverbial force, as here. The meaning is '(which) I bleed withal (= with).'

49. **it had flowed unbound** : 'Had flowed' here is in the subjunctive mood after a conditional clause, and is equivalent to

'should have flowed.' 'Unbound' means freely, with a reference to the usual binding up of a wound to prevent loss of blood.

50. His wound and the blood therefrom are, of course, figurative expressions symbolizing mental and emotional suffering.

my blood shall not sink in the ground: probably a reminiscence of the Greek expression found in Aeschylus and elsewhere, of the blood of a victim which refuses to sink into the ground (*πέπηγεν οὐ διαρρύδην*, clots without flowing through), but lies and calls for vengeance.

53. Byron begins a sentence and purposely breaks off in the midst of an explanation that he himself seeks not vengeance, because he restrains himself for the sake of someone, whom he refrains from naming. This abrupt termination goes by the name of 'aposiopesis,' silencing oneself.

55, 6. 'Now' he has gone through the worst: his sorrow 'is suffered.'

57. **decline:** a noun, here meaning 'decay.' Byron means that no one has ever seen him weaken under suffering.

61. **wreak:** the original meaning was to revenge. It is often used, as here, rather meaning 'to carry out the revenge of' something: as, to wreak my wrath.

64-72. This verse is an example of that attitude of mind which is even now termed "Byronic." It combines the anger of a morbidly over-sensitive mind (which exaggerates hardships, and ignores what the world gave him of good) with scorn for ordinary humanity, and a somewhat theatrical pride in his own superiority.

68. **brain sear'd:** 'Sear' the adjective and verb is a variation of 'sere,' dry, withered, which is only an adjective.

heart riven: 'Riven' is past participle of an old verb 'rive,' to tear.

69. **Life's life lied away:** i.e. my 'real' life, the living part of my life deceived away from me. 'Life's life' is specially used here (and in similar expressions elsewhere) of 'love' or the loved object. Compare Shakspere's *Othello*, who says his love is

"There, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live or have no life."

Othello, iv. ii. 57.

70. **only not:** and for this reason alone (= 'only'), not driven, etc.

71, 2. The metaphor here, making "clay ... rot into the soul," is hardly a happy one. He means that their very souls are clayey, and corrupting at that.

those whom I survey: i.e. humanity around him.

75. **foaming calumny**: ‘Calumny’ is regarded as an onrushing tide or torrent.

76, 77. The calumny is from the great world at large, the whisper from his aristocratic acquaintances, the few, who are quite as ‘paltry.’

the reptile crew: Scandal-mongers have often been compared to snakes, who invisibly glide about to poison life.

78. **The Janus glance**: an ambiguous look, ‘double-faced’ in the sense of ‘treacherous.’ Janus was a Roman god, represented with two faces looking different ways.

81. **happy fools**: *i.e.* happy in discussing a piece of silly scandal.

obloquy: detraction, speaking of a person so as to cast contempt and disgrace upon him. From Lat. *ob-loqui*, to speak against.

82-90. His spirit and the expression of that spirit will live.

90. He believes the hard heart of his wife will feel remorse, but too late, when he is dead. (See Byron’s life.)

91. **The seal is set**: *i.e.* enough of that. ‘I have stated my wish and resolve, and (mentally) sealed it. Now I leave the subject.’

thou dread Power, etc.: From the remainder of the verse, it would seem that he is addressing Time; but if so, the word “nameless” (line 92) is unaccountable. It may be a vague spirit whose existence he can feel among these ruins.

94. **With a deep awe**, etc.: with=attended by.

96-99. **the solemn scene Derives a sense**, etc. The scene is inspired (“informed,” as in Wordsworth’s *Yew-trees*, line 19) by the spirit’s presence with the power of giving us a deep and clear sense of the past.

100. **eager nations**: In the time of Rome’s greatness, her population was largely composed of men of all nationalities, who visited or lived in the city; hence the spectators at the Coliseum would consist of eager (excited) ‘nations.’

102-105. In the gladiatorial games men often fought to the death. It was a rule that the spectators should decide whether to kill or spare the vanquished. When a combatant was wounded, the people cried “*Habet!*”, and he thereupon lowered his arms. The victor then awaited a sign from the onlookers, and if they turned their thumbs upwards the defeated was put to death. It is recorded that this fate was usually received with great firmness.

104. **Circus**: here used in its classical sense of the amphitheatre and its arena, in which races and gladiatorial shows were held.

genial: hearty, cheerful, (in modern sense). Here, of course, sarcastic. Latin *genius* is the favouring god of an individual, one's attendant spirit, and 'genial' is the adjective.

105. **the imperial pleasure**: *i.e.* the will of an absolute emperor.

106. **maws**: stomachs.

107. **listed spot**: 'the lists' was the term for an enclosure where tournaments were fought. The word comes through Fr. from Low Lat. *liciae*, barriers. Here, 'listed spot' = 'the lists.' It is more generally used of the fights of chivalric, not ancient times.

109-126. This and the next stanza are among the best known and finest of Byron's work.

109. Byron's description in its details is inspired by the well-known sculpture called "The Dying Gladiator," which is more correctly a 'Dying Gaul.' He saw this ancient piece of work at Rome, where it still is. The gladiators were a body of men who fought for the amusement of the Roman citizens in the theatres, of which the Coliseum was the greatest. The custom originated in the slaughter of slaves as a sacrifice to the spirits of the dead, but later they were allowed to fight with each other to the death, and the combat was made a show for the people. Later also, citizens as well as slaves offered themselves as gladiators, and prisoners of war were forced to join them. They became a large trained body of men, most numerous under the Empire, a certain number from the band being chosen to fight at the games, while fresh recruits were found for the places thus left vacant. The gladiator here is conceived as a prisoner, taken in one of the Roman wars against the barbarians, and (by lines 121-123) a Dacian, brought to Rome in the triumph of the Emperor Trajan on his return from conquests in the third century A.D.

111. **Consents to death, but conquers agony**: 'consents' usually means agrees to; here it has the force 'gives in to' death, but bravely, not showing agony.

113. **ebbing**: flowing away, as the outgo (ebb) of the tide.

116. **arena**: the central sanded place where the gladiators fought. From Lat. *arena*, sand.

120. **He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize**: he neither thought nor cared about his lost life, nor of the prize he lost by being conquered. (In these contests prizes were given to the victors.)

120. reck'd : cared, regarded.

121-123. the Danube ... Dacian mother : Dacia, the last European province conquered by Rome, was on the north of the Danube, where is now Wallachia and part of Hungary. The Dacians were originally called Getae. They were attacked from time to time by Roman generals, but the final victory of Rome was in the time of Trajan (third century A.D.), of whom it is recorded that he exhibited 10,000 Dacians as gladiators in the Coliseum at his Roman triumph over Dacia.

125, 126. These thoughts rushed through his mind with the last outrush of his life-blood.

126. Goths : a generic name for those tribes, to a particular one of which he belonged. At the time of which Byron is writing they occupied the central south-east district of Europe. There is here also a reference to that later time when the Goths over-ran Europe and poured into Rome, fiercely ravaging it, in the fifth and sixth centuries.

glut your ire : 'Glut' by derivation is 'to swallow greedily,' hence to satisfy an appetite greedily, even to repletion. 'Ire' is anger (Lat. *ira*).

132. Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd : Another instance of Byron's lax English. It is correct that the verb here should be in the singular, since the nominatives are connected by 'or'; but it appears incorrect that 'playthings,' in apposition to 'death or life' should be plural, though the sense is clear that it is death and life that are the playthings.

133. My voice sounds much : 'Much' here is equivalent to 'a great thing,' it sounds like something important. Compare 'This isn't much.'

133-135. The stars' faint rays fall on the empty arena, on crushed seats and bowed walls, and on the galleries, etc.

136, 137. From the immense mass of building originally there, enough has been taken away to build 'walls, palaces, half cities.' During the middle ages, the great families of Italy took away a great deal of its material for fortresses and palaces, etc., and its marble seats were taken to be used as episcopal thrones in mediaeval churches. Michael Angelo, the great artist-architect, is mentioned as working up some of its stones into a Roman palace in the sixteenth century.

138. skeleton : because only the frame-work stands.

138, 139. As one passes at a distance it looks so great still that one wonders what can have been taken as spoil.

141, 142. The meaning and construction here are that, as one nears it, the decay, developed (*i.e.* shown more clearly in proximity), opens (*i.e.* appears in the gaps, etc.).

142. **colossal fabric**: ‘Colossal,’ of great size, is through Lat. from Greek *κολοσσός* (*Kolossos*), a statue much larger than life. The most celebrated Colossus was the great bronze at Rhodes. ‘Fabric’ is probably ‘anything made,’ from Lat. *faber*, a workman.

144. It is somewhat contradictory to say, as here, ‘the light streams too much on all that which years and man have reft away,’ and which isn’t there at all. What is meant is that the light streams on the gaps, etc., which are left.

147. **loops of time**: *i.e.* the loops (loop-holes) and breaks made by time in the structure of the building.

149. **garland-forest**: forest of vegetation, of wild herbage and flowers, which grows like a garland on and round the ruined walls. In construction this is an objective governed by the verb ‘waves’ in the preceding line.

150. It is recorded that Julius Cæsar, the first Cæsar to make the name famous, was particularly gratified when, after some of his great victories, the Senate decreed that he might always wear a laurel-wreath. The decree was necessary, since without it the Romans would have resented any citizen’s attempt to wear a crown of any kind, the symbol of hated kingly power. It is said that Cæsar’s gratification was chiefly due to the fact that the wreath would hide his baldness. He had been nicknamed *calvus*, bald, by his soldiery.

151. **serene**: in the exact Latin sense; *serenus* = in fair weather, with clear sky.

152. **raise the dead**: *i.e.* in your imagination raise (thou), picture, the dead.

153. **trod**: trodden is the usual past participle of ‘to tread.’ Compare ‘broke’ = ‘broken,’ above, (l. 15).

157. **pilgrims**: Fr. *pelerin*, Lat. *peregrinus*, a stranger, one who wanders through strange lands (*per*, through, *ager* [-egr-] land).

154-158. It is recorded that this was said by Anglo-Saxon pilgrims about the eighth century.

158, 159. **which we are wont to call Ancient**: We call these times ancient, but they are not so when compared to such antiquity as that of the Coliseum.

159. **three mortal things**: the Coliseum, Rome, the World.

161. No skill can redeem (*i.e.* restore) Rome and the Coliseum. The ruin is not confined to the Coliseum, but is applicable to the general downfall of the Roman city and power.

CANTO IV.—STANZAS 178-184. OCEAN.

1-9. In this and the following verses we have the Nature-note which is the connecting link between Shelley, Byron, and Wordsworth.

3. **none**: no person, no one.

6. **our interviews**: communings with nature.

steal: steal away, conceal himself.

9. **all conceal**: ‘all’ here is equivalent to ‘wholly,’ ‘altogether,’ as *tout* in French.

11. **in vain**: that is, they leave no trace.

14. **The wrecks are, etc.**: on the ocean, ruin is by the ocean’s means; on land, it may be by man himself.

nor doth remain=and there remains not.

15. **save his own**: except man’s own ravage, that is, the destruction of man by the ocean.

17. **bubbling groan**: a man’s cry in sinking would send up bubbles above his head.

18. Reminds us irresistibly of a passage in Shakspere’s *Hamlet* (I. v. 77) where Hamlet is told by his father’s ghost that he was murdered “unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled.”

unknell’d: no bell tolls his death.

unknown: his fate unknown.

19. His steps leave no print upon thee. ‘Are not’=‘do not exist’; or it may mean, he can never tread the path of the sea.

21. **vile strength**: ‘vile’ when wielded for ‘earth’s’ destruction. ‘Vile’ is derived through French from Lat. *vilis*, mean. The expression here, though strong, is natural to Byron’s misanthropy.

22. **all=altogether**, as above (line 9).

23. **Spurning**: ‘To spurn,’ originally meant ‘to kick against,’ hence ‘to reject.’ It is from A.S. *speornan* (allied to *spar*), and is not derived from Lat. *spernere*, to despise, though it is connected with that word in its ultimate Indo-European root.

24, 25. **And send’st him**=‘and makest him have recourse in prayers to.’ So Horace, the Latin poet, talks of the seafarer who, in a tempest, is wont *ad miserias preces decurrere*—to have recourse to wretched prayers.

26. **His petty hope**: the thing for which he hopes is petty and trivial compared to the might of ocean.

23-7. Thrown aloft by the waves one moment, the next, he is dashed down low.

27. there let him lay : ‘Lay’ is a vulgarism for ‘lie.’ Byron probably used it for the sake of rhyme, but nothing can excuse the negligence by which blemishes like these are left to mark the poet’s work for ever.

28. armaments : land or naval forces, ready equipped for war.

thunderstrike : The verb ‘to thunder-strike’ is Byron’s own invention, though ‘thunder-stroke,’ the noun, and ‘thunder-struck,’ the participle, are frequent. It expresses the roar of the cannon and the ‘bolt’ of the shot.

31. oak leviathans : ‘Oak’ is in reference to the fact that oak was the timber usually employed for British men-of-war, before ironclads came into use. ‘Leviathans’ were probably crocodiles: the word occurs in the Bible: *Job*, xl. 20, and comes into English through the Latin version, from Hebrew *livyáthán*. The name ‘leviathan’ is often applied to the whale, though it is doubtful if the Biblical expression has that meaning. The famous “Great Eastern” ship was known as the Leviathan.

32. Their clay creator : man.

34. as the snowy flake, etc. : cp. Burns :—

“Like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever.”

35. yeast of waves : ferment, turmoil of waters. Also ‘froth of waters,’ likening the foam of a rough sea to the appearance of yeast.

mar : destroy.

36. the Armada’s pride : the great fleet sent by Philip II. of Spain to conquer England in 1588. It was commanded by the Duke of Medina Sidonia. The vessels (one hundred and thirty in number) were unsuited for cruising in the Channel, whither they were despatched to attack the south coast of England, and in the fight which ensued they were completely worsted by the English ships, and had to fly round the south-east corner of England. On their way back to Spain round the north of Scotland they met with very bad weather, and several were wrecked. Only fifty-three ships returned to Spain in safety.

spoils of Trafalgar : here accented Tráfgalgr, not Trafálgar. The former is the correct Spanish accentuation. The English fleet, under Lord Nelson, was victorious in a sea fight at Trafalgar, on the coast of Spain, 21st October, 1805, against the combined French and Spanish fleets. The victory of the English was the last and most fatal blow inflicted on the naval power of France. Nelson was killed in the engagement, but not until he

was aware of the enemy's defeat. Only seventeen of the enemy's ships survived, and these were taken by the English in order to be conducted home as 'prizes'; but the evening after the battle a gale came up and destroyed them.

Lines 35 and 36 mean that the Ocean destroys alike the ships of all nations, and favours none—not even Britannia!

38. Assyria: The country itself was only a district of Asia, in the valley of the Tigris, but the Empire of Assyria became very powerful, including Mesopotamia and Babylonia. Its immense power and wealth are described in the Bible and in the earliest Greek historical writers. Nineveh was its chief city.

Greece: The period of the greatness of Greece (including the reigns of the Macedonian kings) was from about 500 B.C. to 200 B.C. It was a period brilliant in political and military achievement, and exceptionally splendid in its artistic productions—in literature, sculpture, and architecture.

Rome: The power of Rome began to develop from about 393 B.C., and after becoming master of a more important portion of the world than that held by any other power before or since for so long a period, it gradually broke up during the sixth to eighth centuries A.D. Its greatness was chiefly political and military; the great political organizations begun under the Roman Republic, and the legislation later under the Empire, have served as models for the whole of mediaeval and modern Europe.

Carthage: The city of Carthage, on the coast of Africa (where is now the Gulf of Tunis), had great possessions and power all around the Mediterranean coast, from very early times before the Christian era. It was wholly ruined by Rome in three successive wars (called the Punic Wars), during the third and second centuries B.C.

**39-40. Thy waters washed them power while they were free
And many a tyrant since:** that is, while they were free nations the ocean wafted their commerce to and fro, and aided their power; since they have lost their freedom it has brought them many a stranger to tyrannize over them. Line 39 has often been printed "Thy waters wasted them while they were free," but Byron himself corrected it to the above.

40, 41. their shores obey The stranger, slave, or savage: 'Assyria' had become a neglected part of the Ottoman dominions. 'Greece,' in Byron's time, was under the rule of the Turks, 'strangers' to Greek blood. 'Italy' (the ancient territory-in-chief of Rome) had been cut up, and was ruled by 'slaves,' i.e. men put into power by, and utterly subservient to, Napoleon I. Where the ancient city of 'Carthage' had stood was a desert, over which the African savage held sway.

41. their decay: i.e. the decay of these great powers. The Mesopotamian realm of Assyria in particular was once highly cultivated, and has since relapsed into a desert.

43. The ocean only changes as its waves change in calm and storm.

44. wrinkle on thine azure brow: The sea is personified, as if it had a countenance which age might be expected to wrinkle.

47. Glasses itself in tempests: The reflection of the awful power of God is seen in storms on the ocean.

47-52. The construction here needs the insertion of many ‘understood’ words; probably as follows: ‘In all time (whether) calm or convulsed, (whether) in breeze or gale or storm, (whether) icing the pole or in the torrid clime dark-heaving, (thou art) boundless, endless, and sublime, the image of eternity—the throne of the Invisible.’

50. Dark-heaving: in allusion to the dark purple sea of the tropics with its long heave and swell.

55, 56. my joy Of= my greatest joy among, etc.

58. wanton'd: played. ‘Wanton,’ the adjective, meant ‘unrestrained,’ from A.S. *wan*, lacking, and *towen*, to educate. ‘Wan’ had the force of *un*, as in *untaught*, but the two are not connected by derivation. Hence ‘wanton,’ uneducated, then unrestrained.

59. freshening sea: ‘Fresh,’ originally meant ‘moving,’ ‘on the move,’ applied to running water as opposed to stagnant; so that this term is strictly correct, meaning as it does, the ‘roughening sea.’

63. upon thy mane: as if the sea were a horse or other maned animal upon which he rode without a bridle as it coursed along.

SHELLEY.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

The following is a part of Shelley's own note to this poem : "It was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions." [The Cisalpine regions are the northern portions of Italy between the river Arno and the Alps. Cisalpine means 'on this (*i.e.* the Italian) side of the Alps.] The poem is divided into five stanzas each of fourteen lines, *i.e.* each as long as a sonnet. The rhymes, however, are not arranged as in the original sonnet form.

4. **hectic**: through Fr. from Greek ἐκτικός (*hektilos*), consumptive, originally 'having habitually,' from ἔχειν (*echein*), to have.

4, 5. By the association of the colours mentioned here with the word 'pestilence,' the reader is reminded of ghastly changes of the human complexion in illness.

6. **chariotest**: 'servest as chariot to': example of noun used as verb; used so by Milton, Keats, and Tennyson, but not general.

6-9. The seeds, apparently dead, are buried in autumn beneath the earth, until the spring.

7. **winged seeds**: Seeds are often provided with light wings, or sails, as it were, to help them to be easily carried by the wind, as for instance the sycamore-seed, thistle-down, etc.

9. **Thine azure sister of the spring**: The west wind of spring, often called the zephyr, is much milder and less boisterous than that of the autumn; it is here called 'azure' because it blows in a clear blue atmosphere. 'Azure': from Fr. *azur*, originally *lazur*, through Lat. from Arabic *lajward*, lapis lazuli, a stone of a blue colour. The Fr. *lazur* was mistaken for *lazur*, as if the initial *l* denoted the definite article.

10. **clarion**: a clear-sounding horn, from Lat. *clarus*, clear. Often used for rousing soldiers in sudden emergencies: hence, here, a sound to awaken the earth from its winter sleep.

11. The spring zephyr is compared to a shepherd, whose sheep are driven out to pasture when winter is over. The 'sheep' in this case are the white-fleeced buds and flowers, of which the pasture is aloft in the air, on the branches of trees.

12. **living**: the bright lines of new spring foliage and grass, as contrasted with those of autumn: see line 4.

14. **Destroyer and preserver**: destroys by stripping away the dying leaves at the end of summer; but preserves the part which will burst into new life in spring.

15-17. A comparison of the wind's swift current to a stream of water. The leaves are compared to foliage which is imagined to hang on invisible trees in Heaven and Ocean, and to be swept off by the wind like dead leaves from real trees shaken into a river.

15. **steep sky's commotion**: the wind rushes 'up,' following a steep path into the sky, and violently disturbing the atmosphere in its course.

17. **Shook**: strictly speaking, this is an inaccurate use of the preterite or simple past tense for 'shaken,' past participle. 'Shook,' like 'broke,' etc., is often used as a participle by Shakspere and other poets.

18. **Angels of rain and lightning**: i.e. the clouds. 'Angel' here has much of its original sense. Greek ἄγγελος (*angelos*), 'angel' was a messenger or harbinger.

19. **blue surface**: The wind blows at first through a blue sky, which is not clouded over until, as this stanza describes, the gale has gathered all the vapours and clouds on the horizon into a 'dome,' covering the sky.

surge: here applied to the movement in the air (like the surging of the sea), not to an appearance of surge. The adjective 'airy' qualifies 'surge' in the sense of Lat. *aereus*, making it 'a surge of air.'

21. **fierce Mænad**. 'Mænad' is from Greek *μανιάς* (*mainas*, genitive *mainados*), meaning frenzied. The Mænads were female devotees of the Greek god Bacchus, who at special seasons betook themselves to the woods in a state of gregarious frenzy, allowing their hair to stream loose. Here "the locks of the approaching storm" (long wavy strands of cloud), are compared to their hair. The Mænads are called "fierce," because in their madness they slaughtered fawns and other creatures, and even human beings who interfered with their ceremonies.

22. **horizon**: from Greek *ópiσων* (*horizon*), bounding, limiting. Horizon, the edge of the sky where it appears to touch the earth.

zenith: through Fr. and Spanish from Arabic, *samt*, a way. It means the highest vertical point above the earth. The Arabic expression in full was *samt-ur-ras*, 'the way overhead.' The Spaniards corrupted the pronunciation from *samt* to *sem̄t*, then to *zenit*.

23. **dirge**: a lament. From Lat. *dirige*, 'direct thou,' the first word of a Latin version of a psalm which was frequently sung in the service for the dead, which begins, *Dirige Dominus meus*; (in monkish Latin the nominative was frequently used for the vocative.)

26, 27. **thy congregated might Of vapours**: all the moisture absorbed by the wind into great storm-clouds.

27. **solid atmosphere**: 'atmosphere' is properly applied only to the air, literally 'a sphere of air round the earth.' Here the dense clouds and vapours are said to make it solid.

31. **coil**: the winding round. This word has come to mean an arrangement of something lengthy into circles, as a coil of rope, a coiled snake. Originally it meant only a gathering together, from the same root as 'collect' (Lat. *colligere*, to collect). It is not to be confused with 'coil,' a Celtic word meaning a noise, a fuss. The scene being in an almost circular bay ("Baiæ's bay"), the currents ('streams') of the Mediterranean are said to be coiled into it.

crystalline: pronounced here (and elsewhere in literature) with the accent on the second syllable, instead of as frequently, on the first. The waters of the Mediterranean are notably transparent.

32. **pumice isle**: 'Pumice-stone' is a spongy volcanic stone of light colour; hence the isle is of volcanic stone.

Baiæ's bay: a bay near Naples and Mount Vesuvius, in a volcanic region: a place where there would naturally be 'pumice isles.' Baiæ is the Latin name of a town anciently the favourite watering-place of aristocratic Romans.

33. **saw**: The subject of this verb is the Mediterranean, which is personified, and regarded both as the sea, and as the sea-god, looking in a dream into his own waters.

33-36. A probable interpretation of these lines seems to be, that the Mediterranean in a dream sees reflected in his waters the "palaces and towers" of the city which anciently stood on the shore: this reflection is of course "quivering" with the slight motion of the water, which is never absolutely still.

"The wave's intenser day" is an allusion to the peculiar light on objects seen in or through clear water.

36. **So sweet, the sense faints picturing them:** the sweetness is so intense that the senses are overpowered in the attempt to realize it.

37, 38. The waters of the Atlantic, smooth in the calm weather, are cloven into deep hollows, with the waves rising between them, by the strength of the wind.

39-42. In Shelley's own note on the poem he says: "The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it."

39. **sea-blooms:** the sea flowers (anemones, etc.).

oozy woods: the large branching sea weeds: "oozy" here means slimy: 'ooze' is from A.S. *wíse*, *wós*, moisture, having lost the initial *w*, as in the Scandinavian *Odin* for *Wodin*.

40. **sapless foliage:** sapless, because however moist outside, on breaking off any part no sap comes forth from the leathery substance of sea plants.

42. Shelley says: "These sea plants shake, and pieces break off from them, at the sound which heralds the change of season."

49-51. 'If even he could run with the wind, as he did when a boy'; to race the wind seemed almost possible to him then.

52. **As thus:** used instead of 'thus.'

55. **A heavy weight of hours:** length of time combined with oppression and trouble.

56. **One too like thee:** that is, Shelley himself.

57-70. The whole of this stanza is a fine comparison of Shelley himself to the forest in autumn, when the trees are about to become apparently dead during the winter. He compares his thoughts to the dead leaves which, by burying and fertilizing the seeds, help the outburst of new life in spring. So he hopes that his words will help all the new bright impulses, which he believes are hidden in humanity, to blossom forth into beautiful actions. For this he appeals to the autumn wind to be to himself and his thoughts what it is to the forest and its leaves.

57. **Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:** The wind, rushing through the forest, plays on the boughs and leaves, producing sound, as it does passing over the strings of a lyre. The lyre [from Greek, *λύρα* (*lura*)] is a stringed musical instrument, like the harp.

62. **Be thou me**: the use of the objective case after the verb ‘to be,’ which is disallowed by English grammarians. In French it is the recognized form to say, ‘c'est moi’ (=it is me), for ‘it is I.’

65. **by**: ‘by’ here must mean ‘because of,’ not ‘by means of.

TO A SKYLARK.

Of the skylark Wood's *Natural History* says: “This most interesting bird is happily a native of our land (England), and has cheered many a sad heart by its blithe jubilant notes, as it wings skyward on strong pinions, or flutters between cloud and earth, pouring out its very soul in its rich wild melody. Early in the spring the lark begins its song, and continues its musical efforts for nearly eight months, so that on almost every warm day on which a country walk is practicable, the skylark's happy notes may be heard ringing throughout the air ‘long after the bird which utters them has dwindled to a mere speck, hardly distinguishable from a midge floating in the sunbeams.’” (See l. 36, etc.) Compare Wordsworth's *To a Skylark* in this selection, p. 36.

4. **Pourest thy full heart**: i.e. pourest out the feelings which fill thy heart. Cp. *Psalm lxii. 8*, “Pour out your heart before him.”

6-8. **Higher still and higher From the earth thou springest Like a cloud of fire**: A critic of Shelley has proposed to alter these lines by placing a semicolon after “springest” as well as after “fire,” thus leaving the simile “like a cloud of fire,” alone and independent in the verse, because, he says, “nobody ever saw a cloud” spring from the earth. But this has been answered by pointing out that in the first verse the lark is addressed as already far up in the sky, and that a cloud in the sky frequently ‘springs’ up ‘higher’; and also that the image “like a cloud of fire” does not apply to its actual appearance, but to its continuous motion in upward circles, like the whirl upward of flames burning in the open air, when large masses of flame seem to break away from the fire, and ascend in a cloud which disappears as it rises.

9. **The blue deep thou wingest**: the deep blue sky thou wingest. ‘To wing the deep’ is a construction similar to such others as ‘to sail the seas,’ ‘to walk the earth.’ ‘To wing one's way,’ or ‘flight,’ is a common expression, but the object there is the ‘cognate accusative,’ i.e. merely a repetition in the substantive of the idea already contained in the verb, e.g. ‘to dream a dream.’

10. **still** = 'continually,' as always in Shakspere, and frequently in all poetry.

11. **In the golden lightning:** He speaks of the sun-rays as 'lightning,' because just before sunrise the sun, 'sunken' (*i.e.* invisible) below the horizon, 'shoots' arrows of light into the sky somewhat like flashes of lightning.

13. **O'er which clouds are brightening:** Clouds are often gathered over the part of the horizon where the sun will rise in the morning, and they brighten with his strengthening rays, just as at sunset we see the most beautiful effects from clouds brightened by the light shining obliquely on and through them.

14. **float and run:** The observation of Shelley is very accurate. In its spiral motion upwards, the lark appears to balance itself for a while—'float,' and then suddenly to dart obliquely onwards—'run.'

15. **Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun:** Here also an alteration has been proposed, *i.e.* to change the word 'unbodied' into 'embodied.' The only reason for the change is the poetically bad one, that 'embodied' is a much more usual word than the other. But the term 'unbodied' brings out that spiritual character which is the "very key-note of Shelley's poem." He has already addressed the bird as 'spirit' (l. 1), and 'unbodied' is in keeping with that term. 'An unbodied joy' is a 'delighted spirit,' a soul happy in freedom from earthly burdens, whose heavenly existence ('race') has just begun.

16, 17. **The pale purple even Melts, etc.:** Shelley here transfers 'even' (evening) to the unusual sense of the twilight, which is characteristic of evening and morning alike. This gloaming constitutes 'even' to his mind, and its 'purple' melts into daylight as the lark sings at sunrise.

18-20. The stars present in the daylight sky are of course unseen.

20, 21. **thy shrill delight is 'keen as the arrows,' etc.** Sound is often compared to cutting substances. So the Latin *argutus* and Greek ὀξύς (*oxus*) are used of sounds.

22. **that silver sphere:** The moon, whose 'intense' light fades in the early morning sky, till we hardly see it, but 'feel that it is there.' It was an ancient conception that heat was composed of the sun's 'arrows'; and the rays of the moon (especially in the character of Diana), were her arrows. 'Silver' is almost a standing epithet of the moon, as 'golden' is of the sun. The passage means that we feel the lark to be there by the intense sound of his song, even though we lose sight of him in the height to which he soars.

28-30. **when night is bare**: *i.e.* when the night sky is bare of clouds, save one alone, and that having passed from before the moon, her beams ‘rain’ over the sky.

33, 34. **From rainbow clouds**: Rain-drops from rainbowed clouds are particularly lustrous, because of the sunshine behind them, which produces the rainbow.

36-40. A beautiful verse, containing one of the most perfectly conceived and expressed similes to be found in English. ‘A poet hidden in the light of thought,’ is a poet who soars into the regions of lofty thought, thought so intense that, as he sings from that height, those who look from a lower plane, and listen to him, are dazzled, unable to clearly see and follow him as it were, though they can hear and enjoy, for its melody merely, the verse which he pours forth from that exalted environment. (Shelley himself is one of these poets, and in his transcendental moods the ordinary reader finds it difficult to follow him, though the melody he sings is always sweet.)

The lark disappears, not only on account of the height to which it soars, but because of the dazzling brightness of the uppermost sky in early morning, whither the rays of the rising sun reach before they touch the earth.

38. **hymns**: in its original sense ‘songs of praise.’

unbidden: spontaneously, out of the fulness of his nature and feeling.

39. **wrought**: worked up to. (See note *Happy Warrior*, l. 4). Shelley here states his idea of the poet’s function. Like Matthew Arnold with his doctrine of poetry as a “criticism of life,” Shelley considers the poet a teacher of hopes and fears.

46. **glow-worm**: The glow-worm is a small luminous beetle, which at night emits a pale bluish-yellow phosphorescent light.

47. **a dell of dew**: a dell where all is covered with dew.

48. **unbeholden**: ‘Beholden’ means ‘under an obligation’; this then means ‘not obliged to,’ spontaneously, as above (l. 38), ‘singing hymns *unbidden*.’

49. **aërial hue**: its pale ‘airy’ bluish light.

51-55. Like a rose which the winds make full blown, so that its perfume is given forth freely.

55. **these heavy-winged thieves**: these sultry sluggish winds which lag. ‘The wings of the wind’ is a familiar expression, and here the ‘wings’ are ‘heavy,’ just as a weary or sluggish man is said to walk with heavy feet. ‘Thieves,’ because they have stolen the perfume. The words, in conjunction with the preceding lines, suggest the warm languid winds of summer in a rich garden, breathing perfume and glowing with roses.

56-60. 'Thy music' surpasses all 'joyous, clear and fresh' things in joyousness, clearness and freshness.

56. **vernal showers**: spring showers. 'Vernal' is from Lat. *vernus*, adjective of *ver*, the spring.

58. **Rain-awakened flowers**: Flowers that open under the soft spring rains have a specially fresh appearance. The objects mentioned in this verse give an aggregate exquisite impression, an impression of the freshness of spring, made the more striking by the picture of summer languor in the last verse.

65. **panted forth**, etc. The use of the word 'panted' is an instance of beautiful condensation, describing the passionate utterance usual to the lyrics of love and wine.

66. **Chorus Hymenæal**: marriage chorus of joy. 'Hymen' or 'Hymenaeus' was the mythological god of marriage.

66-70. In these lines Shelley has in mind the recognized divisions of lyric composition; odes of love, conviviality, marriage, and triumph.

67. The song of triumph was a special form of lyric composition, technically called an epinician ode.

68. **Matched**: compared.

69. **vaunt**: a boast; Fr. *vanter*, to boast, Low Lat. *vantare*, to speak vanity, Lat. *vanus*, vain.

71. **the fountains**: that which causes his song to flow; the springs, sources.

76. **joyance**: 'Joy' is through Fr. from Lat. *gaudium*, joy. 'Joyance' (formed on the analogy of 'hindrance,' etc.) means enjoyment, delight.

77. **Languor** cannot be with joyance; the enjoyment cannot flag.

80. **knew**: Strictly speaking 'knewest,' the second person singular, should be used; but the sound of this very fine line would be so much injured by it that Shelley's poetic license is more than justified.

satiety: Lat. *satietas*, filling to repletion, from *satis*, enough. While 'to satisfy oneself' means to obtain that which one requires and no more, 'to sate oneself' means to take what one wants, beyond the natural desire, and so to tire of it. The flagging sound of the words, "but ne'er knew love's sad satiety," is an instance of sound representing the sense.

81-85. The lark cannot feel the sad uncertainty which Shelley considers the lot of humanity, as regards death and the hereafter, for if it did, its song could not be so joyous and clear.

86-90. Shelley had that strong sense of the sadness underlying all human joy, which is often expressed by all the poets. Cp. Wordsworth :

“In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.”

Lines written in Early Spring, 3, 4, p. 32.

86. **look before and after** : i.e. at the past and to the future.

90. Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought: The same thought has been well expressed by a German poet, Kerner, in a verse which may be rendered thus :

“Born of deep pain is the poet’s art,
And the song that alone is true,
Is wrung from a throbbing human heart
That sorrow is burning through.”

Deutsche Lyrik, “Golden Treasury Series,” p. 176.

91-95. Even if we could be without hate, pride, fear, and sorrow, he cannot conceive our reaching such joy as the lark’s song shows.

96. **measures** : like Latin *modi*, ‘strains’ or metres, i.e. expression of thought measured in musical beats.

100. **were** = would be. The past indefinite tense of the subjunctive, which is generally expressed by the compound form ‘would be,’ unless preceded by a conjunction like ‘if,’ ‘though,’ ‘unless,’ etc.

103. **harmonious madness** : in a poetic rapture or frenzy, which takes shape in harmonious verse. Plato said that no one could be a great poet “without some mixture of madness,” and poetic rapture is (like youth according to Goethe) a *Trunkenheit ohne Wein*, ‘drunkenness without wine.’

THE CLOUD.

2. **From the seas and the streams** : Clouds are moisture sucked into the air by evaporation, to be distributed again to the earth. Seas and rivers supply a large part of this moisture, although much comes from the exhalations of the land. Yet in a dry season, when the flowers are ‘thirsting,’ the evaporation will naturally be from the ‘seas and the streams.’

3. **I bear light shade, etc.** : i.e. when in the heat of the mid-day the leaves are ‘laid in dreams’— lulled to a siesta—the cloud protects them with a light shade.

5. **From my wings** : The cloud is a flying thing, hence Shelley gives it wings.

5. **the dews**: the light vernal showers, not dew proper, which does not come from clouds. So in Latin *rores* (dews)=showers.

7-8. **on their mother's breast, As she dances**, etc.: 'Their mother' is the plant whereon they grow, and who 'rocks them to rest' as she sways about in the breeze and sunlight.

9. **I wield the flail of the lashing hail**: 'Wield' originally means 'to govern,' 'manage.' It now generally means 'to use or manage' as applied to instruments or weapons. 'Flail,' that which beats or scourges, through the French from *flagellum*, a scourge. ('Flagellate' is from the same word.) So in Latin hail is said 'to lash,' *verberare*, the corn crops. Notice that the choice of words in this line is a series of condensed metaphors, the aggregate of which exactly expresses a threshing hailstorm.

12. **And I laugh in thunder, as I pass**; i.e. the phrase 'in thunder' develops the sense of 'laugh,' not of 'pass.'

13. **I sift the snow**: To sift is to let fall evenly, as through a sieve.

14. **aghast**: terrified. From an old word meaning terrible, originally spelt *agast*. "The *h* first appears in Scotland in the 15th century, the spelling probably being influenced by that of *ghost*." Here by an association of ideas 'aghast' also seems to express 'pale,' the snow, whitening them. They 'groan' with the weight of the snow.

15. **'tis my pillow white**: i.e. the snow on the mountain is 'my pillow.' Clouds often seem to be resting against the sides and tops of high mountains.

17. **The clouds seem to be castles in the sky**, with pinnacles, from which the lightning flashes.

Sublime: in the original sense of the Lat. *sublimis*, aloft. The lightning is personified as the pilot which sits upon the towers of the cloud, while underneath, in the thick dark bank of the cloud turned towards earth, the thunder is held strugglingly captive, like the Winds in the cave of Aeolus, of which Shelley is apparently thinking.

bowers: in the original sense of 'chambers' (it also meant 'house'). Shelley has carried out completely his conception of the cloud as a castle, with rooms—'bowers,' dungeon-keep—'cavern under,' and towers.

21. **with gentle motion**: However stormy the weather may be thunder-clouds appear to move with a slow stateliness.

22. **This pilot**: lightning, as see line 18.

23. Lightning is the electricity of the air which seeks the opposite electricity in the earth. This is expressed by Shelley in the poem that lightning seeks a loved spirit for which it searches below in the earth and sea.

genii: Spirits. As the cloud and lightning are personified, it is necessary that the poem should treat all nature as animate. The notion that a spirit or deity made its particular abode in each of the powers and objects of nature is very ancient. The word ‘genius’ takes the plural ‘genii’ only when the word is used in this sense; when it means an inborn faculty of any kind, the plural is ‘geniuses.’ It is derived from Lat. *genius*, from *genus*, race, and meant in Latin the tutelar or guardian spirit of any person.

24. **purple sea**: The sea is variously called hoary, grey, green, blue, dark, wine-colour, purple, according to the weather and to the appearance of the sky which it reflects. The Greeks, and after them the Romans, called the sea ‘purple’ when it looked dark blue, as often from a distance.

27. **dream**: the rare subjunctive, now dying out of English; we say, ‘wherever he dreams,’ or ‘wherever he may fancy,’ etc.

29, 30. The cloud, floating in the air, has nothing ‘above’ it except the ‘blue smile’ of the open heaven, in which it ‘basks.’ Meanwhile, on the under side, ‘he,’ i.e. the lightning or electric force, is ‘dissolving,’ passing away, in the midst of showers. The metaphor is perhaps a little mixed and obscure in these two lines.

31. **sanguine sunrise**: the red sunrise. ‘Sanguine’ here means ‘of the colour of blood,’ from Lat. *sanguis*, blood, *sanguineus*, blood-red. So Shakspere has “The sanguine colour of the leaves” in reference to a rose. In the sense now current, ‘sanguine’ means confident, cheerful; arising from an idea that a sanguine habit of body—i.e. with a full rich supply of blood—was associated with a hopeful disposition.

meteor eyes: eyes of dazzling brightness; not the sun itself, to which the plural is unsuited, but openings of fiery light among the morning clouds. (‘Meteor’ is derived from Greek, *μετέωρος* (*meteōros*), aloft in the air or sky.)

32. **his burning plumes**: This expression is descriptive of the appearance of the sky at the time of a red sunrise, when patches of red or flame-colour spread on clouds and sky above the rising sun like plumes or feathers in large outstretched wings.

33. **Leaps on the back**, etc.: ‘Leaps’ is very appropriate of the apparent swift uprushing of the sun at dawn. Sunrise darts upon and over the back—the skyward side—of the clouds near the horizon.

33. **rack**: the drifting clouds. The idea in the word by derivation is ‘drive,’ and it has become specially applied to clouds which ‘drive’ along.

34. The pallid appearance of the morning star waning at dawn.

35. **jag**: notch, a rugged point.

37. **An eagle alit**: ‘Alighted’ is the usual past participle of ‘to alight.’ ‘Lit’ is found (from ‘light,’ to perch upon) as a preterite tense in Tennyson’s

“On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit.”

38. **In the light of its golden wings**: made conspicuous by the light shining on its wings.

In here is equivalent to ‘amid.’

The simile of lines 37 and 38 is very exact. As an eagle lights for a moment on the point of a mountain, made unsteady by earthquake, and is there conspicuous by the brightness of its golden wings, so the sunrise lights for a moment on the unsteady cloud-rack, shining in its brilliant colours.

39. **And when sunset may breathe**: Shelley uses ‘may’ as a frequentative; the phrase is equivalent to ‘at such time as it breathes.’

39, 40. **breathe...its ardours**: The word ‘ardours’ is well chosen, since it literally is equivalent to ‘burnings,’ ‘glowings,’ and refers to the fires of the sunset glow; while in connection with the word ‘breathe’ the material fact is taken into the realm of imagination, as an emblem of ‘love and rest.’

41. **crimson pall**: ‘Pall’=cloak, Lat. *pallium*; but it is generally used of a funeral pall. There is something of that sense here, though not wholly. ‘Crimson,’ because of the redness of the sunset cast over the sky.

43. **wings**: (See line 5.) The cloud is now *above* the sinking sun, and in the calmness of the evening, spreads its wings over, like a dove brooding on its nest. The notion of the brooding dove may be suggested by Milton’s

“dove-like satst brooding o'er the vast abyss.”

—*Par. Lost*, I. 21.

45. **That orbèd maiden**: the moon, a maiden sphered in an orb. According to the ancient mythology the moon was the maiden goddess Diana.

48. **strewn**: *i.e.* the midnight breezes spread out—strew—the cloud like a carpet below the moon.

51. **woof**: here means texture, that which is woven. ‘Woof’ is from the same old word as ‘weft,’ and both words meant the threads passed in and out across the ‘warp,’ which is the thread cast by the shuttles.

tent’s roof: the cloud in relation to the earth below is a tent; in relation to the moon above it is a floor (line 47).

53, 54. The moon and stars appear to be moving over the sky, when really they are still, and the motion is that of the clouds between them and the earth.

58. **paved with the moon and these**: they are shone upon by, and reflect back light from the moon and stars, till they themselves resemble the sky.

59. **zone**: a belt. Through French and Latin from Greek $\zeta\omega\nu\eta$ ($\zeta\bar{\omega}\bar{\nu}\bar{\eta}$), a girdle. A cloud round the sun (e.g. at sunset) ‘burns’; round the moon it is of cool pearl-colour.

61-2. When whirlwinds cloud over the sky with flying mists, the flame even of volcanoes is dimmed and hidden, and as they whirl across the heavens the stars seem to be in a sea of vapour and to move with its movement. The unfurling of banners is not an idle phrase. The fierce whirlwind unfurls and shakes across the sky the cloud which before was massed together.

63. **From cape to cape**: from the promontory of one coast to another—from land to land across the sea, thus forming a bridge of which each end rests upon a mountain-range or on peaks (see line 66).

64. **torrent sea**: a raging sea. ‘Torrent’ is derived originally from Lat. *torrere*, to heat, and hence *torrens*, boiling, impetuous, raging. It is somewhat unusual as applied in this manner to the sea, but exactly expressive of Shelley’s meaning.

65. **Sunbeam-proof**: through which sunlight cannot pierce. Cp. ‘bullet-proof,’ as applied to armour.

67-70. The rainbow serves for the cloud as an arch of triumph, like those under which conquering armies marched at Rome and elsewhere.

69. The conqueror rode in a chariot (here called a ‘chair’), often drawn by captives.

70-72. **million-coloured bow**: the rain-bow, woven by the sun—‘sphere-fire’—shining through falling rain.

73-76. The moisture passes from earth and the waters of the earth up into the air as clouds, then down to earth again as rain, and so on, in a continual round of change, but is never lost.

78. **pavilion**: a tent, from French *pavillon*, a tent, derived from Lat. *papilio*, the butterfly, because a tent is spread out like the wings of a butterfly. The vault of the sky is pavilion-shaped.

79. **their convex gleams**: convex, from Lat. *convexus*, arched, vaulted. The notion is a little technical for poetry, and belongs rather to science. ‘Convex’ means swelling into a dome shape, or building a dome shape.

80. **Build up the blue dome of air**: build up a cloudless blue sky. A ‘dome’ is a vaulted roof, an arch (cp. lines 25-27, p. 56, *West Wind*).

81. **cenotaph**: an empty tomb erected (like that of Dante at Florence) in honour of some one whose body is buried elsewhere: from Greek *κενοτάφιον* (*kenotaphion*), an empty tomb. The blue dome of sky is regarded as the ‘cenotaph,’ memorial of a cloud buried elsewhere; but the cloud springs into life again.

82. **out of the caverns of rain**: i.e. from the hiding-places into which the fallen rain has gone.

84. **unbuild it again**: The completeness of the blue vault is destroyed when the clouds appear in it.

ARETHUSA.

1. **Arethusa** (and **Alpheus**, l. 19): In mythology Arethusa was originally a Greek nymph of Diana. Tired by the hunt, she one day bathed in the river Alpheus, and the god of the river fell in love with her. She fled from him, however, and the goddess Diana changed her to a fountain, but Alpheus still pursued her. Her flight then led her to the sea-shore on the west of Greece, and at her prayer, the Ocean allowed her waters to flow beneath his own without mingling. But Alpheus also sent his waters beneath the sea, still pursuing her. The two streams are supposed to rise again in two fountains near Syracuse in Sicily, the one called Arethusa in the suburban island called Ortygia; the other, called Alpheus, was a submarine spring close by. An object thrown into the river Alpheus in the Morea of Greece, was supposed to reappear in the Sicilian fountains, having passed beneath the sea. There exist several modifications, or misconceptions, of the story, and Shelley allows himself to play with the myth in a beautiful manner. The origin of such stories is apt to lie in the names. The presence of an Arethusa and an Alpheus in Sicily would remind the Greeks of the Grecian Arethusa and Alpheus, and the actual circumstances would determine the story.

1-18. Note in this stanza the beautifully imaginative description of the personified stream of Arethusa, which rises among the snows of the Acroceraunian Mountains, descends from among the clouds upon their summits, falls over the precipices, ‘from crag’—from broken shelf to shelf—‘with many a jag,’ creates rainbows by the spray from the cascades, then glides down the sloping ravine which is made radiant by the water, and next passes lingeringly over the levels nearer the sea.

3. The spring into which the nymph was changed is supposed to rise in the Acroceraunian Mountains, a high range (5000 to 6000 feet high) ending in a promontory, in the northern part of Greece, in what is now known as Albania, and bordering that part of the Adriatic which is called the Strait of Otranto.

6. **Shepherding her bright fountains**: she is still personified and represented as a spirit bringing together and directing on their path the rivulets which are imagined as fleecy flocks descending the mountain-side.

8, 9. **her rainbow locks**: the rainbow, or prismatic colourings formed by sun in the spray are of a filmy streaming character like the nymph’s flowing hair.

10-12. Her gliding stream fertilizes the valley, so that it is green and grassy. We have passed down from the snow and bare crags into the level of vegetation.

15. **as soft as sleep**: copied from Latin and Greek expressions, e.g. *somno mollior herba* of Vergil.

19. **Alpheus bold**: the river-god who loved and followed Arethusa. (Note ll. 1-18.) “Bold” is an epithet justified by the sequel. Alpheus should be pronounced *Alphēüs* (Greek Αλφεῖος), like *Penētis*.

20. **On his glacier**: a poetical license, or, at least, ‘glacier’ must be literally interpreted to include *any* degree of icy surroundings. As a matter of fact, the mountains in the Peloponnese (the Morea) where Alpheus rises, are only about 5000 feet high, and contain no actual glaciers.

21. **trident**: a three-pronged sceptre, from Lat. *tres*, three; *dens*, a tooth. It was part of the insignia of Neptune, the God of the Ocean, and by analogy is given to other water-gods. In mythology the ‘god of the trident’ is the ‘earth-shaker’ who causes earthquakes and chasms—an appropriate meaning here.

21. **strook**: used for ‘struck,’ preterite tense of ‘to strike,’ for the sake of rhyme.

22. The blow of the god opens a passage through the rock for his waters. There is some confusion of thought between Alpheus as presiding divinity of the river, and as the river itself.

24. Erymanthus: a mountain in the north-west of the Peloponnese, on the northern border of Arcadia; some of the ultimate sources of the Alpheus are near to Erymanthus, but the river can only be said to rise in Erymanthus by an extension of the name to a larger mountain system.

25. The black south wind (which) it (viz., Erymanthus) concealed is supposed to be lurking in readiness behind the fallacious silence of the snowy summits. This wind, coming in a hurricane, combined with earthquake and thunder, rends the rocks and releases the pent-up waters.

27. urns: the word is probably chosen as suggestive of consecration, and the purity of the snow, of which the mountain-tops are the undisturbed depositaries.

28-30. At the stroke of the god, earthquake and thunder (*i.e.* lightning) make openings through which the springs below the earth's surface rush in a 'torrent' (l. 33).

31. beard and hair, etc.: an image suggested by the appearances in a mountain-torrent—the foam and spray; compare the description of Arethusa's locks in stanza 1.

36. of the Dorian deep: to the Grecian sea-coast; Dorian, because the western side of Greece is considered as more distinctly Dorian. There were three *main* divisions of the Greeks, tribal and linguistic, viz., Ionians, Aeolians, and Dorians, but their geographical disposition was somewhat intricate. It is scarcely to be demanded of Shelley that he should be rigidly precise in the use of a term like 'Dorian,' which no doubt attracts him for the sake of its euphony. The south and south-west of the Peloponnese were Dorian, and some islands on the coast of the west, but beyond that extent the term is not literally justifiable.

44. The Earth's white daughter: *i.e.* the fresh-water stream—λευκὴν ὕδωρ (*leukon hydōr*), 'white water' of the Greeks—flows as distinct as a sunbeam through the dark sea-water.

46, 47. Behind her descended, Her billows, etc.: *i.e.* behind the personified nymph Arethusa followed, in her train, the waves of the (literal) stream Arethusa; so, in stanza 1, the nymph is represented as shepherding the waters.

47. billows: is an unusual word to use of a river or stream. It is scarcely synonymous with mere 'waves,' and is properly applied to the larger waves of the sea. The use is in keeping with the etymology, which is akin to 'bulge,' and implies 'swelling.'

47, 48. unblended With the brackish Dorian stream: *i.e.* they are not overtaken by and mingled with the brackish waters of the 'Dorian'—Peloponnesian—stream of Alpheus.

49-54. Notice how the words "stain on the emerald main" convey the impression of the distinctness of the waters of Alpheus from the green sea-waters. The brackish waters of Alpheus are not 'white water' like the bright Arethusa, but are dark; figuratively a reflection of the river-god's passionate character; and literally, a description of a débris-laden stream.

52, 53. The simile of the eagle (or hawk) pursuing a dove is as old as Homer. It is found in Aeschylus and elsewhere. Both dove and eagle are pictured as flying along *with* the wind—'down the wind.'

The license in making *ruin* the answering rhyme for *pursuing* seems inconsistent with good taste and with Shelley's usually fastidious workmanship. An annotation has suggested that the words must have been pronounced as rhymes by Shelley, it being a common habit of the aristocratic caste (to which Shelley belonged), to drop the final -*g* of words ending in -*ing*.

57. **pearlèd thrones**: covered with pearls, which abound at the bottom of the sea.

58. **coral woods**: the forest-like clusters of growing coral.

59. **weltering floods**: rolling waters. 'Welter' means to roll over, to wallow. There is often a suggestion of 'exuding moisture' in the word, perhaps due to the frequency of the expressions 'weltering in blood,' etc., for 'rolling over in blood,' after battles, etc.

60. **unvalued stones**: precious stones. 'Unvalued' means either (1) of untold value, or (2) disregarded, lying unesteemed for their very profusion.

62, 63. **streams**: currents, which cross and recross, so 'weaving' the light into 'network.' The light would be coloured by the hue of the water, of the transparent sea-plants, and perhaps by the reflections of the gems mentioned above.

65. **shadowy here** = covered by shadow.

66. **as green as the forest's night**: that is, dark green, as in the gloom of the forest made by its foliage.

68. **swordfish dark**: the upper side of this fish is bluish-black.

69. **Under the ocean foam, And up**, etc.: the two streams are represented as rising nearer the surface and the shore. This appears in the introduction of the word 'foam,' by which is meant the breakers, etc.

70. **rift**: an opening, a rent. The meaning is that the streams emerge through fissures in the Sicilian hills.

71. **clifts**: an alternative and older spelling of 'cleft'; from the Danish.

72. **their Dorian home**: although in Sicily, they were among Dorians, as the greater part of the island was inhabited by them, and the region about Syracuse entirely so.

55-72. The construction of this verse is a series of clauses and phrases all subordinate to the one principal subject and predicate in l. 72.

73, 74. Having passed under the sea to Sicily, they now rise from the mountains there. This notion is different from that usually current, according to which the streams emerged at Ortygia (on the shore of Sicily) itself.

74. **Enna**: (classically Enna or Henna), a beautiful plain near the centre of Sicily, surrounded by mountains. There are no streams which actually flow down to Syracuse from Enna in the manner described by Shelley.

75. **where the morning basks**: *i.e.* which faces eastward.

76, 77. Once apart, now with one purpose and direction.

78. **They ply their watery tasks**: they go on with their assigned work. 'Ply' through Fr. from Lat. *plicare*, to fold, plait, came to mean to bend, mould, and then to toil at.

80-87. These lines follow the streams through a day, beginning at their mountain source, ending at the mouth where they reach the sea again. In one sense they describe the waters of a river which can accomplish the distance from source to mouth in a day; in another they give a picture of a day's life and work of a wedded pair.

80. **steep** here means lofty, high on a steep hill. So *arduus* in Lat. means either high aloft, or difficult to climb.

81. **cave**: merely a hollow place, not necessarily below the earth.

84. **asphodel**: the Greek name for a plant of the lily species. The phrase 'meads of asphodel' is Homeric, and has reference to the underworld where the higher souls walk amid meadows of the plant. 'Daffodil' is derived from it through Fr. *d'a(s)phodèle*, but is not the same flower.

86. **Ortygian**: Ortygia is a small island near Syracuse. See note, l. 1.

LAMB.

IN PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.

This essay appeared first in the *London Magazine* for May, 1822. It had a second title, viz., "A May-Day Effusion," because on May-Day (May the First) the chimney-sweeps indulged in their annual merry-making with the Maypole dance, etc.

Page 67, line 3. **tender novices**: boys were very frequently employed to sweep old-fashioned chimneys, because the openings were too small to allow of a man's entry. The climbing through a chimney to clean it is scarcely known where new houses, with straight chimneys, are usual; but in the winding chimneys to be found in ancient English towns there used to be no other way possible. The young boys were sent out by older sweeps, who made it their business to obtain waifs and strays of neglected childhood, even, it is said, to steal them, and who often treated them with cruelty. For a description humorous and pathetic, of these boys, see the opening chapters of Charles Kingsley's *Water Babies*. 'Novice' means beginner, derived from Lat. *novus*, new, through the French.

4. **nigritude**: one of those Latin-English words which Lamb coins so quaintly here and there. 'Nigritude' is from Lat. *niger*, black, *nigritudo*, blackness; compare 'magnitude' from *magnus*, great.

5. **with the dawn**: these boys were sent out very early in the morning, before housekeepers' fires were lit.

6. **professional notes**: the sweeps' call of 'sweep! sweep!' used to be one of the noted cries of London streets.

7. **matin**: morning. Fr. *matin*, morning, but here adjectival like Lat. *matutinus*, early. An old-fashioned term, by using which Lamb attains that old-world air which we breathe, as it were, in his writings. Compare *matins*, morning prayers.

13. **clergy imps**: because their black clothes remind us of the clerical garb, and because they preach us a lesson (lines 11, 12).

13. **sport the cloth**: the word ‘sport,’ in the sense of wear, now approaches slang—‘to sport a hat,’ etc.; a frequent use is in the college expression, ‘sport one’s oak,’ i.e. close the outer door.

18. **operation**: method of work. We usually say ‘operations in this sense.

chit: from an old word meaning a shoot or sprout. Allied by derivation to child. It means a pert youngster.

20. **fauces Averni**: the jaws of Avernus. Avernus was a lake near Naples: hard by was a cavern which the Romans believed to be the entrance to the lower regions. Compare the well-known Virgilian *facilis descensus Averni* (the descent to Hell is easy). Hence Lamb’s following allusions to “caverns and horrid shades.”

21. **sounding on**: ‘sounding’ here means ‘plunging,’ on the analogy of the plummet, which takes soundings in deep dark waters. *To sound*, to measure depth, is probably from Scandinavian and has no connection by derivation with *sound*, a noise, which is from Lat. *sonus*.

26. **the brandished weapon of his art**: his broom.

Page 68, line 3. **stack**: i.e. chimney-stack. That part of a steamer which contains the funnel is still often called the ‘smoke-stack.’

5. **Macbeth**: i.e. Shakspere’s play of that name.

6, 7. **Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand**: (Stage direction, *Macbeth*, iv. i. 86): a whimsical comparison to the little sweep with his broom in his hand.

10. **starving weather**: cold weather. ‘Starved with cold’ is still common in provincial English. Both this sense and that of ‘dying of hunger’ are from the A.S. *steorfan*, to die (German, *sterben*, to die).

11. **proper troubles**: i.e. troubles ‘peculiar to’; ‘proper,’ Lat. *proprietus*, Fr. *propre*, means suitable to, peculiar to, one’s own.

11, 12. **kibed heels**: ‘kibe,’ chilblain, is from the Welsh.

13. **tester**: a sixpence. An old word, borrowed from the Fr. *tester*, a coin with a head upon it. (Old Fr. *teste*, a head, modern Fr. *tête*, Lat. *testa*.)

15. **yclept**: ‘called,’ past participle of an old verb *clepe*, to call. *y* is a prefix, akin to German *ge* before past participles.

sassafras: a plant of the laurel kind. The name is from Lat. *saxa*, stones, *frango* (*frag*), I break, and is also spelt ‘saxifrage’; but, correctly speaking, ‘saxifrage’ denotes a herbaceous plant not the same as that here mentioned. The name was given on account of a supposed power possessed by

the plants of breaking up stones. The sassafras laurel is used medicinally.

17. **hath**: this archaic form is deliberately used for quaintness by Lamb, just as he uses ‘thou’ and ‘thy’ frequently. Those forms were not in ordinary use in his time.

18. **beyond the China luxury**: *i.e.* beyond that of tea.

20. **time out of mind**: time so long that no one remembers (has in mind) when it was otherwise.

23. **Fleet Street**: a street in the central part of London, the City proper.

Bridge Street: a street running at right angles to Fleet Street, connecting it with Blackfriars’ Bridge over the Thames.

24. **Salopian**: by the form alone of the word one would suppose that it meant ‘from Shropshire,’ because Salop is the title applied to that district by an abbreviation of the documentary Latin of public records. Letters to Shropshire are still frequently addressed ‘Salop.’ But here it is ‘the only house at which “Saloop” is sold,’ as see below, note on ‘Saloop’ (p. 69, l. 31).

25. **basin**: ‘basin of tea’ was regularly used a generation or two ago for ‘a cup of tea.’

26. **a cautious premonition**, etc.: *i.e.* the smell warns me that it would sicken me.

olfactories is used by Lamb, as in modern times, with a recognition that he is humorously using a long word for a simple thing. The ‘olfactory nerves’ from Lat. *olfacio* (*olere*, to smell, *facere*, to make) are the nerves of the nose.

29. **dietetical elegancies**: *i.e.* refinements of eating and drinking (diet) (Greek *διαιτα*, *diaeta*, way of living). Lamb gives to ‘elegancies’ its Latin sense of fastidious taste.

35. **oleaginous**: Lat. *oleaginus*, of oily kind.

fuliginous: from Lat. *fuligo*, soot. The word is playfully invented by Lamb. Compare ‘nigritude’ above.

36. **In dissections**: *i.e.* when their bodies are dissected.

Page 69, line 4. lenitive: formed from Latin adj. *lenis* (gentle) and verb *lenio* (make gentle). ‘Lenitive’ is a mitigation, a softening.

9. **one sense**: *i.e.* the sense of smell (when they cannot gratify taste).

11. **valerian**: a kind of herbaceous perennial plant used in medicine. Its name is from Low Latin *valeriana* (from the Latin proper name Valerius; *valere*, to be strong). Cats are known to be very fond of its odour.

11, 12. **There is ... inculcate**: Lamb has been jokingly attempting to philosophize on the attraction of the beverage for the little sweeps, and finally, likening it to the love cats have for the smell of valerian, sets it down as a mysterious instinct, beyond the teachings of philosophy.

25. **rellumined**: *i.e.* re-illumined, relighted (Lat. *lumen*, light). The meaning is ‘between the times when the fires die out and when they are relighted,’ and this manner of expressing that sense is a Latinism.

26. **kennels**: *i.e.* gutters; a common use in older English, from Lat. *canalis*, a channel. The word is the same as ‘channel,’ unconnected with the ‘kennel’ of a dog, which is from Lat. *canis*, a dog.

27. **rake**: the profligate, a dissipated man.

28. **vapours**: ‘To have the vapours’ is to be in low spirits ‘Vapours,’ from its ordinary sense of ‘mists,’ came to mean ‘mental fumes,’ hence ‘low spirits.’ Formerly ‘the vapours’ was often used to signify nervous debility. ‘To dissipate the vapours’ is to get rid of them.

31. **saloop**—also spelt ‘salep’ and ‘salop’; a beverage prepared from the roots of a kind of orchis; the roots are dried, powdered, and mixed with boiling water and milk, producing a liquid which is considered nutritious and stimulative, and “was sold in London at stalls ready prepared, as its substitute, coffee, is now.” Lamb says above (p. 68, l. 15) that he understands the basis of this preparation to be ‘sassafras’: in this he either makes an error, or possibly sassafras might have been used as a substitute in England for the orchis roots, which came from the east, and were probably expensive and at times unattainable.

precocious: here in the unusual sense of early rising. It is from Lat. *præ*, before, *coquo*, I cook, ripen, mature; hence ‘early matured,’ and then simply ‘early,’ as here. The sense of ‘being in advance of the usual time’ leads to both this meaning and that in which it is usually applied to children.

32. **smoking**: *i.e.* steaming with moisture in the early morning.

33. **Hammersmith**: a W. London suburb, now populous. In Lamb’s time it was noted for market-gardens.

33, 34. **Covent Garden’s piazzas**: the great vegetable market of London is at Covent Garden, which is compared to an Italian ‘piazza,’ place, square, (Lat. *platea*, a broad or open space, a market-place). *Piazza* in English means an open space surrounded by buildings, or a walk under a pillared roof open at the sides.

35. **shouldst thou**: if thou shouldst.

36. **pendent**: hanging over, leaning over: from Lat. *pendeo*, I hang.

Page 70, lines 3, 4. **so may thy culinary fires**, etc.: *i.e.* your fires, eased of the richer fumes from your feasts to friends, which are worse bestowed, because they are given to those less in want than the sweeps, etc.

5. **a lighter volume**: may your chimneys not be sooty by thick heavy smoking.

welkin: the sky. Comp. German *Wolken*, clouds.

6, 7. **well-ingredenced**: *i.e.* with the ingredients well mixed. We might have expected 'well-ingredenced,' which, however, is a more awkward word, and as Lamb is coining here again, he is entitled to license.

9, 10. **for a casual scintillation**: *i.e.* because a chance spark has flown up the chimney and set it on fire (Lat. *scintilla*, a spark). This sense of 'scintillation' is of Lamb's own inventing, as if he said 'a casual sparkling.' The usual meaning of 'scintillation' is a flashing, momentary light, or a twinkling.

11. **susceptible of**: We now frequently, though incorrectly, use the preposition 'to' after this adjective.

13. **Splashed stocking**: The stockings were visible in Lamb's day, the day of knee-breeches, silk stockings, and buckled shoes.

16. **Cheapside**: a central street in the old part of London, the City proper. Old English *ceap* meant barter, place for buying and selling, market, to be seen in *ceapstow*, market-place. Cheap-side really = market-place. The word *cheap* has altered from the noun meaning the whole buying and selling process, to the adjective qualifying that process when it is advantageous to the buyer.

16, 17. **my ... precipitation when I walk westward**: 'precipitation,' haste. Walking 'westward' is leaving the city (*i.e.* his work) to go home.

28. **Hogarth**: (1697-1794) a great humorous and satirical English artist. He began life as an engraver's apprentice. Some of his chief works are: *The Rake's Progress* (8 scenes in the life of a profligate and spendthrift), the series called *Mariage à la Mode*, and others, of which the *March to Finchley* is well known.

29. **March to Finchley**: A satirical representation by Hogarth of the march of the Guards to Scotland, year 1745 (rebellion of younger Pretender). Finchley Common is on the Northern boundary of London. In 1745 the army of the Pretender, Charles Stuart, had marched successfully as far as Derby, and London

was in panic, with the result that troops were marched to Finchley Common to protect London. There was no fighting, however, as the Pretender's force retreated, instead of, as was feared, pushing on to London.

Page 71, line 8. even to ostentation: even a boastful display.

ossifications: bone formations. Latin *os*, a bone, and *facio*, I make.

9. agreeable anomaly in manners: An 'anomaly' is something unusual, something out of place under the conditions. From Greek *ἀνωμαλία* (*anomalia*), deviation from the level.

11, 12. A sable cloud Turns forth her silver lining on the night: From Milton's *Comus*, ll. 221, 222,

"There does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night."

13. gentry: gentlehood. The abstract, not the concrete, meaning. Compare 'gallantry.'

15. double night: double because they are physically darkened by the soot, and their real position is disguised.

16. disguisement: disguise. Another of Lamb's coined words, on the analogy of *e.g.* 'presentment,' as also 'apprenticement,' l. 18 below.

17. gentle conditions: the condition of a gentleman.

lost ancestry: One can't really lose one's ancestry, but one can lose knowledge of it, as here.

17, 18. lapsed pedigree: a pedigree let go, lost. 'To lapse,' literally to slip away, is from Lat. *labor*, *lapsus*, to slide, slip.

18-20. The premature apprentices ... abductions: The fact that the older sweeps want such young children to apprentice to their trade encourages their secret carrying away and stealing of infants.

21. grafts: A graft is a shoot or bud taken from the plant whereon it grew, and placed on another plant prepared to receive it, so that it may grow there. Lamb thinks these boys are grafted into the sweep trade from original gentlehood. 'To graft' was originally 'to graff,' with which the past participle 'grafted,' 'graft,' has been confused. Shakspere has 'graft' for past participle,

'Her noble stock graft (=grafted) with ignoble plants'
(*Rich. III. iii. vii. 127*), where modern usage would put 'grafted.' 'Graff' is derived from Greek *γράφειν* (*graphein*), to write, through Latin and old French *graffe*, a pencil, and an instrument for grafting shaped like a pencil.

23, 24. **Many noble Rachels mourning**, etc.: The reference is Biblical, to the massacre of the innocents, *Matthew*, ii. 18, "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

25. **fairy-spiriting**: an allusion to the belief formerly common in England, that the fairies spirited away new-born children, sometimes putting fairy changelings in their places. To spirit (away) is to carry away by spiritual (*i.e.* unseen) agency.

26. **the young Montagu**: Probably an allusion to Montagu, son of the famous Lady Mary Wortly Montagu, who ran away from school several times, and was found by his parents in the humblest position in the streets. A Mrs. Montagu had, before the time mentioned by Lamb, entertained the young sweeps in her garden on roast-beef and plum-pudding every May-day.

28. **defiliations**: a word made by Lamb to express destruction of relation of parent and child, child robbery. From Lat. *de*, from, *filius*, a son. Compare 'affiliation,' the establishment of the relation of parent and child, as in the case of parent universities and colleges joined to them.

29. **Arundel Castle**: the chief seat of the Duke of Norfolk, head of the house of Howard, the most ancient of English nobility. No account of the incident is preserved in the family history.

30. **canopy**: the hangings over the top of a bed. It is derived through Latin and French from Greek *κωνωπεῖον* (*kōnōpeion*) an Egyptian bed with mosquito-curtains. The word is made from the Greek name for a mosquito or gnat.

32. **connoisseur**: a critical judge, one who has a special knowledge of the thing he judges; originally a French word, from Latin *cognoscere*, to recognize.

33. **delicatest crimson**: it is unusual to inflect words of over two syllables for the degree of comparison, instead of using 'more' and 'most.' Examples are to be found however in Shakspere and many moderns, notably Carlyle and Ruskin. The periphrastic mode of comparing adjectives of more than two (and some of two) syllables, (*i.e.* by the use of 'more' and 'most'), is, as a rule, used for the sake of euphony. It is a comparatively late usage in the English language. There was a time when writers compared either way as they fancied. This is to be seen in the Elizabethan writers whom Lamb so studied: *e.g.* 'ancienter' (Bacon), 'famousest' (Hooker, the great Elizabethan ecclesiastical writer), etc. 'Crimson': from old Fr. *cramoisin*, *cramoisi*, which came through Low Lat. from Arabic *qirmisi*, crimson, produced by the cochineal insect (from Sanskrit *krimija*).

35. where Venus lulled Ascanius : The Goddess Venus was reputed to be the mother of Aeneas of Troy. Ascanius was the son of Aeneas and so the grandchild of Venus.

Page 72, line 3. confounded : confused ; and so lost his way.

intricacies : perplexities, winding ways, from Lat. *intricare*, to perplex.

7. invitement : for invitation. Compare l. 16, ‘disguisement’ ; and l. 18, ‘apprenticement.’

13. what I have just hinted at : *i.e.* that sweeps are of gentle blood. Notice that Lamb has the preposition ‘at’ at the end of the phrase. Some rule-of-thumb grammarians would say that the construction here should be, ‘that at which I have just hinted’ ; but that expression is more clumsy than Lamb’s, besides being pedantic.

A high instinct : *i.e.* an instinct belonging to the high born, the noble.

20. obvious : ‘evident, lying in the way’ ; Lat. *obvius*, evident, meeting face to face (*ob*, over against, *via*, a way).

21, 22. which I contend for : instead of ‘for which I contend.’ Compare l. 13.

24. misgives : the prefix *mis*, means error, defect. ‘Misgive’ meant only ‘to give amiss,’ and later, ‘to fill with doubt,’ generally used as here (‘my mind misgives me’) with ‘heart’ or ‘mind,’ or ‘it’ as subject and the personal pronoun as object.

26. to be lapt : to be wrapped, laid in ; to lap, (in this sense distinct from ‘lap,’ to lick up), is another form of ‘wrap,’ from A.S. *wlappen*.

29. incunabula : Latin noun (used in neuter plural), meaning swaddling clothes, and thence origin, beginning.

29-33. This theory of Lamb’s as to the gentlehood of young sweeps is, of course, playful, set out with mock seriousness and a kind of half-humorous, half-pathetic sympathy with their hardships.

34. Jem White : James White, a real friend of Lamb’s, whose hospitality described here was a fact. He died in 1821, a year before this essay was written.

35. metamorphoses : changes, transformations. A Greek word from *μετά* (*meta*), preposition signifying change, and *μορφή* (*morphē*), shape.

Page 73, line 1. changelings : a name frequently applied to the magic children whom the fairies were supposed to leave when they carried off human children.

3. **Smithfield**: a district in London chiefly known by a cattle-market (as vegetables are sold at Covent Garden, and fish at Billingsgate, etc.).

4. **St. Bartholomew**: a fair held on St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24th, in West Smithfield, where St. Bartholomew's Hospital is now. The fair ceased to be held in 1855.

7. **younger fry**: younger members; 'fry,' the spawn (or eggs) of fishes, hence the young; from a Scandinavian word, and not the same as 'fry,' to cook food, which is from Lat. Often used good-naturedly in the phrase 'small fry,' for those small in size or importance.

an elderly stripling: a youth growing into manhood. 'Stripling,' a diminutive of 'strip,' something long and thin, means a tall thin lad, a growing boy.

9. **infantry**: a humorous misuse of the word for 'infants,' in the sense of very young boys; the usual meaning of the word is foot-soldiery.

9. **wight**: a person, creature; very common in A.S. as *wiht*, a person or thing, and by derivation the same as *whit*. See note *Childe Harold*, III. 57, p. 128.

12, 13. **all is not soot which looks so**: a parody on "All is not gold that glitters."

13. **quoited out**: pushed out. The usual present meaning of quoit is a ring for throwing at a mark; but there is a Lowland Scottish word *coit*, to push, to hustle; and Old Fr. *coiter*, to push, to hustle, from which this meaning comes.

14. **not having on the wedding garment**: another Biblical allusion. *Matthew*, xxii. 11-14, contains the 'parable of the wedding garment.'

16. **pens**: the enclosures for cattle in the Smithfield cattle-market. See note on 'Pent' (Byron, *Childe Harold*, p. 45, l. 71).

17. **impervious**: impassable, not giving a passage. The place was near enough 'not' to be impervious to the cheerful noise ('hub bub') of the fair ('vanity'). 'Impervious' is from Lat. *in*, not; *per*, through; *via*, a way.

19. **obvious**: 'in the way,' a correct meaning by derivation, as see l. 144. This word and 'impervious' balance each other in the sentence, and are also a pair by derivation.

gaping spectator: gaping, open mouthed, hence stupid. 'Gaby' is from the same word meaning 'open mouthed,' 'stupid.'

21. **napery**: table-linen. It is derived through the Fr. from Low Lat. *napa*, 'table cloth.'

24. **savour**: 'scent,' 'odour'; often 'taste'; from Lat. *sapor*, taste.

26. Bigod: Lamb's old friend and editor, John Fenwick, of the *Albion Magazine*.

28. Rochester: John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, a courtier of Charles II.'s reign. Noted for a versatile wit, with the coarseness so common in the period. He was very fond of the humours of low life, and haunted the low parts of London in various disguises.

29. the humours: from the Lat. *humor*, moisture, through Fr. *humeur*. The English word 'humour' originally meant moisture also. It came to be used as an old-fashioned medical term, meaning fluids, of which there were four, on whose conditions and proportions bodily and mental health depended. Humour then meant a turn of mind, so called because it was supposed to depend on the bodily condition and hence on these fluids, here it means the comic business, the whims, caprices (compare 'vapours,' l. 28, p. 69).

31, 32. the honour done him: i.e. in their being present.

36. the universal host: the whole of the crowd.

Page 74, line 1. tore the concave: the concave means the domed roof of the market above them. Their shout of merriment metaphorically tears it asunder.

3. younkers: young sirs, from Dutch *jonk-heer*, young sir.

unctuous: oily, and hence rich, in taste, and later, in humour. 'Unctuous' is from Lat. *unctio*, that which anoints, an ointment, or oil.

4. tit bits: here means small 'pieces'; the original force of 'tit' was merely small, but 'tit-bits' now usually means choice bits.

puny: here means 'small'; the usual modern meaning is 'weakly,' 'ill-formed.' The word originally stood for the Fr. *puisnè*, Lat. *post-natus*, younger, later-born. *Puisne* is now used as an English law term of all judges other than the chief justice, implying 'inferior in rank.' The words *puny* and *puisne* are exactly alike in pronunciation.

5. links: i.e. links in the sausage chain.

7. desperado: a desperate man, here 'desperately eager,' 'hungry.' The word was introduced into English from the Spanish.

9, 10. kissing-crust: where the lower half kisses the upper in a cottage-loaf.

11. patrimony: heritage; Lat. *patrimonium*, the possessions of one's father.

12. deal about: serve round.

small ale: a small beer, species of weak beer.

16. **The King** : George IV.

the Cloth : *i.e.* the cloth of their profession, again comparing them to the clergy, who are often known as ‘the cloth.’

18. **sentiment** : a toast.

19. **May the Brush supersede the Laurel** : may the broom (brushwood), be used instead of laurel (the sign of high honours, etc., from ancient times).

25. **squeamish** : over-nice, dainty. The Old English word meant ‘overcome with dizziness,’ hence ‘disgusted’ and ‘faint.’

26. **reeking** : smoking. There is a noun ‘reek,’ meaning vapour, smoke.

29. **Golden lads and lasses**, etc. : from Shakspere, the actual words being

“Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.”

Cymbeline, iv. ii. 262.

31. **extinct** : dead ; not a usual expression.

33. **clients** : *i.e.* the sweeps. ‘Clients’ are those who form the business connection of a professional man, especially of a lawyer. It was originally those who listen to advice, hearers, from Lat. *cluere*, to hear. Lamb of course uses it humorously here.

WITCHES AND OTHER NIGHT-FEARS.

Page 75, lines 1, 2. **in the gross** : equivalent to the common expression ‘generally speaking,’ or ‘taken as a whole.’ The gross (Fr. *gros*, large) is the mass or bulk.

7. **lawless** : here in the sense ‘undetermined by law,’ *i.e.* not reducible to natural laws.

10. **the palpable absurd** : The adjective ‘palpable’ is not here used as an adverb, but ‘the absurd’ is a noun, and ‘the palpable absurd’ is the absurd rendered obvious and unmistakable. (Palpable, Lat. *palpabilis*, from *palpare*, to touch.)

12, 13. **wasting inwardly as their waxen images**, etc. : The reference here is to a very old superstitious belief and practice. It was fancied that after making a wax doll somewhat in the shape of a certain human being, it was possible, by maltreating that image and uttering incantations over it, to produce in the human being the corresponding effects. To gradually melt the figure away was intended to produce gradual decay and death of the person represented. This notion was to be found among the Greeks and Romans, and throughout mediaeval times. Similar to it is the notion of the Red Indians, that to obtain

something belonging to an enemy and utter incantations over it is to possess a power over his life.

13. **That corn was lodged**: that corn was beaten down, laid flat on the ground.

16. **a fearful-innocent vagary**: The compound adjective is equal to ‘terrifying but harmless,’ or ‘harmless but terrifying.’ Such formations are rare in English, and are mostly constructed deliberately for humorous or epigrammatic effect, *e.g.* ‘forcible-feeble,’ ‘bitter-sweet.’ They will generally be found to belong to that figure of speech which is called ‘oxymoron,’ a kind of contradiction in terms. A ‘vagary’ is freakish behaviour (*Lat. vagari*, to wander).

19. **passing by the pomp**: *i.e.* that Satan should pass by persons of beauty, power, and talent, and prefer to use as his instruments poor weak-minded old women. ‘Fantasy’ is the same word as ‘fancy’ (*Greek φαντασία, phantasia*, fancy), and ‘weak fancy’ means minds easily deluded.

21. **eld**: old age. The noun is now archaic and poetical, and was so in Lamb’s time.

21, 22. **à priori**: a term of logic. The Latin words (which, by the way, ought rather to have been ‘*a priore*’) literally mean ‘from the former,’ and are applied to reasoning which proceeds from known conditions to predict their effects. The opposite argument (from given effects to the inference of their causes) is called *a posteriori*. Lamb means that, as we do not know the causes which may prompt Satan to act in this remarkable way, we cannot tell whether such action is likely or unlikely.

23. **anile**: *Lat. anilis*, belonging to an old woman (*anus*, old woman). This word is rare, and would hardly be used except by a Latinist, though ‘senile,’ ‘puerile,’ and ‘juvenile’ are common.

24, 25. **expressly symbolized by a goat**: The reference is to *Matthew*, xxv. 32, 33, where at the Judgment Day the ‘sheep’ (the good) are to be separated from the ‘goats’ (the wicked).

26. **that he should come in that body**: *i.e.* that Satan should come with the traditional horns and hoofs of a goat. As a matter of fact this notion dates back to the goat-like ‘Satyrs’ of the pagans.

26, 27. **assert his metaphor**: *i.e.* justify it. Prove that his comparison with a goat (the metaphor by which he is spoken of as a goat) is a true one.

Page 76, line 2. reputed hags: As ‘reputed’ shows, ‘hag’ here has its original meaning of witch. Compare German *Hexe*, a witch. The sense now usual, ‘ugly old woman,’ is secondary, and is derived from the usual characteristics of witches.

3. **more obtuse**: less sensitive and imaginative. *Obtusus* is the Latin for ‘blunted.’ The common meaning now is ‘stupid,’ i.e. blunted in intellect rather than in feeling.

5. **holding hell tributary to their muttering**: i.e. possessing control over hell by their incantations. The notion that chanted spells have supernatural powers has been universal.

7. **Headborough**=petty-constable. In Old English the word meant the head or official representative of a tithing (ten families). He was the head of the ‘borough.’

8. **subpoena**: to command the attendance of a witness in a court of law. Lat. *sub poena*, under a penalty, because the writ commanded the person to appear, under a penalty of £100 (*sub poena centum librarum*).

Prospero: the rightful Duke of Milan in Shakspere’s *Tempest*. He had become master of magical powers by means of his study of books. For the boat referred to (in which he and his daughter Miranda were set adrift by the usurper), see *Tempest*, I. ii. 144.

14. **the Fiend in Spenser from tearing Guyon**: Sir Guyon, the pattern of temperance, is the hero of the second book of Spenser’s *Faerie Queene*. In Canto VII. of the book, Guyon is tempted (under the guidance of Mammon) with all the allurements of avarice and ambition. In Canto VII., stanza xxxiv.:

“For well he weaned, that so *glorious bayte*
Would tempt his guest to take thereof *assay*.”

Guyon, however, refused the bait and escaped. Lamb says that we cannot tell what rules may determine the action of supernatural powers in fairyland, or who may have made it a condition of the fiend’s victory over Guyon that the knight should first yield to temptation. As he did not yield, the fiend could not claim his victory.

19. **legendary**: i.e. full of legends and stories. Another of Lamb’s quaint uses of words. The Latin *fabulosus* is liable to the same changes of meaning.

22. **book-closet**=library. The Greek word for library, $\betaι\betaλιο-\thetaήκη$ (*biblio-thēkē*)=book-storeroom.

24. **ark**: i.e. Noah’s ark, not the ark of the covenant.

25, 26. **with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement**: i.e. with as much faithfulness of measuring (of length and breadth and height) as if the delineator had seen them with his own eyes. Compare ‘ocular demonstration.’ The measurements, however, of the ark are given in *Genesis*, vi. 15, and of Solomon’s temple in 1 *Kings*, vi. 2, 3.

28. **the Witch raising up Samuel:** the witch of Endor in *1 Samuel*, xxviii. In verse 14 the witch said, "An old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle." Hence "O that old man covered with a mantle!" which occurs later in this essay (p. 78, l. 15).

30. **tomes:** volumes. The origin is Greek *τόμος* (*tomos*), a 'section' or 'cutting' (of papyrus); *i.e.* containing a portion only of a collection, or part of a great work. As such a section of papyrus was rolled up on a stick, *volumen* (a roll) came to be used in the same sense.

31. **folios:** books of the largest size. The Latin *folium*, 'leaf,' is a sheet of paper of a conventional size folded once (*i.e.* to make two leaves). This, when folded again gives four leaves of quarto size, etc. The form is Italian.

35. **orderly:** generally an adjective: here an adverb = "in an orderly manner."

Page 77, line 6. bane = poison, the original sense being 'death'.

7. **Quashed:** destroyed, from Lat. *quassare*, to shatter.

9, 10. **like as was rather feared than realized from that slain monster in Spenser:** Lamb seems to confuse Canto xi. of Book I. of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, where the Redcross Knight (St. George) slays the male dragon after three days' fighting, with Canto i. of the same book where he slays 'foule Error,' who was

" Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other halfe did woman's shape retaine."

The young of Error are told of in Canto i. stanzas 15, 22, and 25.

11. **a dragonet:** a little dragon, with the diminutive termination as in 'leveret,' 'rivulet,' etc.

16. **in long-coats:** we should say 'in long clothes.' Compare the use of 'coats' in 'petticoats.' Its original sense is simply 'garment.'

22. **would or had disbelieved:** this should be 'would disbelieve' or 'had disbelieved.'

26. **a babe and a suckling:** a scriptural phrase. *Matthew*, xxi. 16, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

34. **the steerage:** the part of a ship which contains the steering-gear, the stern. The usual modern sense of the word, *viz.*, the part of a ship assigned to the inferior passengers, is different, and is due to an entire alteration in the arrangement of ship-accommodation.

Page 78, lines 16-18. not my midnight terrors ... but the shape and manner of their visitation: *i.e.* I do not hold Stackhouse

responsible for my having *some* sort of midnight terrors; all children have them. But it was Stackhouse's pictures which made me have them in that particular shape.

22. **at night**...awoke into sleep, and found the vision true: i.e. in the daytime (when I was awake) I had only a dreamy sort of dread when I looked at the picture; but when I fell asleep, my fancy realized it so vividly that it became as if, on the contrary, I had exchanged to a real truth.

25. **aversely from** = in an opposite direction from.

33. **in**: (a medical point of view), more accurately 'from.' Lamb confuses looking at the matter *from* a standpoint, with looking at it *in* a certain light.

Page 79, line 3. Headless bear, black man, or ape: from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

7. **dear little T. H.**: Thornton Hunt, the eldest son of Leigh Hunt, the essayist. It was to this child that Lamb wrote his poem, "To T. L. H., a child."

12. **ab extra**: literally 'from outside,' from any other source than his own mind: (an expression of decadent Latin.)

13. **thick-coming fancies**: from Shakspere, *Macbeth* (v. iii. 38), where the doctor says of Lady Macbeth after the murder of the king, that she is

"Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies."

14. **optimism**: the habit of looking at the bright side of life, a doctrine that all is for the best.

17. **Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire**: from Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book II., l. 628. This place itself is imitated from Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 285, etc. Of these fabulous monsters, the snake-headed Gorgon turned those who beheld it into stone; the many-headed serpent Hydra, whose heads grew as rapidly as they were cut off, was slain by Hercules; the Chimæra was a monstrous combination of lion, goat, and serpent, which breathed fire.

18. **Celæno and the Harpies**: from Virgil, *Aeneid*, iii. 211. Celæno is herself a Harpy; these were loathsome creatures with wings and talons, but with the emaciated faces of women.

20. **types ... archetypes**: an archetype is the original (Greek *ἀρχέτυπον*, *archetupon*) from which types are but copies. Lamb is here thinking of the Platonic notion of eternal, unchangeable 'Ideas,' to which actual concrete things correspond but as imperfect copies. He means that all these monsters, created by fancy, are but various embodiments of the same general superstitious principle eternal in human nature.

23, 24. Names, whose sense we see not, Fray us with things that be not: 'Fray' is an old word formerly used with the meaning 'to terrify, frighten.' It is not identical with 'fray,' to wear away by rubbing. The lines are quoted from Spenser's *Epithalamium*, line 343.

30. in Dante: *i.e.* in the *Inferno* (Hell) of the Divine Comedy; 'defined' *i.e.* rendered definitely conceivable, as opposed to the weird indefinite 'simple idea of a spirit unembodied' which is mentioned immediately.

33, 34. Like one that on a lonesome road, etc.: quoted from Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, part vi., stanza 10.

Page 80, line 6. objectless: *i.e.* has no definite (objective) shape.

13. stud: a 'stud' is a collection of brood horses. In using this word Lamb is playing on the word 'night-mare.' But the animal *mare* (A.S. *mere*) is quite different in origin and meaning from the 'mare' in night-mare, of which the original meaning is 'distress.'

13, 14. with the extinguished taper: *i.e.* when my candle is put out. The construction is a Latinism, *cum extincto lumine*. Compare "between the expired but not yet relumined kitchen fires," in the essay on "Chimney Sweepers."

27. fells = hills, an old term still used in the Lake district to which Lamb refers, and preserved in such names as 'Scawfell.' 'Field' is another form of the same word, found, for instance, in Fairfield.

my highest alps: *i.e.* the highest mountains I have climbed or seen. The Alps being the highest mountains in Europe are frequently used as types of high mountains. An 'alp' is thus often little better than a common noun equalling mountain.

31. **Helvellyn:** the bulkiest though not the highest of the mountains in the Lake district.

33. There is Coleridge: *i.e.* the poet [Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1772-1834]: a personal friend of Lamb, who was gifted with a powerful and somewhat weird imagination, displayed in his poems, *Ancient Mariner*, *Kubla Khan*, *Christabel*, etc. *Kubla Khan* in particular is referred to, as the fragment was said by Coleridge to have been composed in sleep.

34. icy domes: from Coleridge:

"It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice."

(Kubla Khan.)

pleasure-houses for Kubla Khan:

"In Xanada did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree."—(*Ibid.*)

35. Abyssinian maids :

" It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora."—(*Ibid.*)

Page 81, line 1. cannot muster a fiddle: though Coleridge can conjure up the most delightful Oriental music. The 'fiddle' is to be treated as the type of the cheapest and commonest solo music.

2. Barry Cornwall: the pseudonym of the poet Bryan Waller Procter [1790-1874]. The 'tritons' are the minor sea-gods. The 'nereids' (daughters of Nereus) are the sea-nymphs, who, in one of Procter's poems, sing in honour of "sons born to Neptune," *i.e.* to the great suzerain, the sea-god in chief.

5, 6. fish-wife: This type of woman is chosen as the nearest analogue to the fish-divinities (nereids) mentioned above. The humour of it lies in the fact that the fish-women (particularly of Billingsgate Market) were notoriously coarse and abusive. 'Wife' in such compounds has its original meaning 'woman' (compare German *Weib*, woman); so 'housewife.' The special meaning 'wife' is a later development.

8. spectra: in this sense, 'phantoms'; this Latin form is obsolete for English. A more accurate sense is somewhat technical, that of something seen after the eyes are closed.

11. sea nuptials: *i.e.* of sea-gods and sea-nymphs.

13. conchs: shells which serve as trumpets (Lat. *concha*, shell). In mythological marine pictures, both ancient and modern, personages are represented blowing spiral shells before a procession of chariots drawn by sea-horses.

15. Ino Leucothea: The only part of a confused mythological story which is here relevant is that Leucothea is the name given to the mortal Ino after she had precipitated herself into the sea and had been turned into a marine divinity. As Lamb was very familiar with Milton, it is probable that he remembered Leucothea rather from the *Comus* than from the classical authorities. (*Comus*, 875.)

16. a white embrace: an embrace of her white arms.

20. wafture; a noun playfully invented by Lamb on the analogy of 'capture,' 'rapture,' 'seizure,' etc., from the verb 'waft.'

21, 22. at the foot of Lambeth palace: Lambeth Palace is the London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, situated on the south side of the river, nearly opposite Westminster Abbey.

24. quantum: portion, quantity; Lat. *quantum*, how much?

30. that idle vein: *i.e.* the vein of poetical composition.

MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

The essay, "Mackery End, in Hertfordshire," appeared in the *London Magazine* for July 1821. About half of it is occupied with the well-known description of Lamb's sister Mary, who constantly figures in the *Essays of Elia* under the name of Bridget Elia, a supposed cousin.

Page 82, line 1. Bridget Elia : Mary Lamb.

2, 3. obligations ... beyond memory : As a child, Mary Lamb played the part of a mother to her brother, ten years younger than herself.

6. go out upon the mountains, etc. : the reference is to *Judges*, xi. 38, where Jephthah's daughter "went with her companions, and bewailed her virginity upon the mountains." Jephthah (not a 'king,' but one of the judges of Israel), had 'rashly' vowed to sacrifice "whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me when I return from the children of Ammon." His daughter chanced to be the first to meet him. She is pictured in Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*, verses 45, etc., as she

"That died

To save her father's vow ;
The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure."

7. celibacy : From Lat. *coelebs*, a bachelor. It means either bachelor- or spinster-hood.

8, 9. yet so, as "with a difference" : equivalent to 'we agree so, that there is yet a difference.' 'With a difference' is from Shakspere's *Hamlet*, IV. v. 181 : "you may wear your rue with a difference."

12. dissembling a tone in my voice : feigning a tone. 'Dissemble' is through French from Lat. *dissimulare*; in Latin the verb always meant 'to pretend a thing is *not* what it is,' and this should be its meaning in careful English. Nevertheless some writers use it as equivalent to 'to simulate.'

16. Burton : Robert Burton (1576-1640), a writer of the sixteenth and seventeenth century periods which Lamb delighted to study. He is known by his work, the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, an eccentric book, "combining extensive and out-of-the-way quotations with a kind of grave saturnine humour."

19. assiduously fresh : constantly fresh. 'Assiduous' is from Lat. *assiduus*, literally 'sitting down to,' hence 'constant.'

25. humours : caprices, whims : sometimes 'moods.' See note on "Chimney-Sweepers," line 29, p. 73.

28. **bizarre**: a French word meaning ‘strange,’ ‘odd.’

30. **holds Nature more clever**: i.e. considers that Nature can do better than wild fiction—that the natural is even more artistic.

31. **obliquities**: peculiarities, deviations from the ordinary, perversities. ‘Oblique’ originally had only the meaning ‘aslant,’ ‘deviating from the straight line’; from Lat. *obliquus*, slanting, through French.

32. **Religio Medici**: a work by Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682), a physician, and another writer of Lamb’s favourite period. The *Religio Medici* is the “Confession of Faith of a Physician,” written with “fantastic oddity and quaint stiffness,” with innumerable quotations and images introduced.

34. **the intellectuals**: the intellectual *parts*, the wits. An old use, now obsolete (though ‘the morals’ survives), unless used in a humorous connection. It corresponds to the substantive use of the Latin neuter plural adjective, e.g. *intellectualia*.

Page 83, line 2. fantastical: ‘Fantastic’ is the word now in use, but in the older English (e.g. Elizabethan), the adjectival termination ‘-ic’ (from Greek *-ικός*, *-ikos*) was often supplemented by ‘al’ (from Latin *alis*). We have ‘tragical’ in Shakspeare, “The schoolmaster is exceedingly fantastical” (*Love’s Labour Lost*, v. ii. 532.): cp. ‘historical,’ ‘comical,’ ‘rheumatical,’ ‘whimsical.’

3. **Margaret Newcastle**: the Duchess of Newcastle (1625-1673), Maid of Honour to Queen Henrietta Maria, and authoress of several ‘political’ and ‘philosophical’ works, and best known by her life of her husband, William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, for whom she had an enthusiastic admiration. She was learned and imaginative, but, as a writer, was wanting in self-restraint.

5. Charles and Mary Lamb kept open house on Wednesday evenings, when they entertained all kinds of literary society. Probably there is also a reference here to the various ‘book-associates’ they have had.

10. **juggles**: plays tricks. ‘Juggler’ is from Fr. *jongleur*, Lat. *joculator*, a professional jester and amuser, and hence a conjurer.

21. **foible**: weak point in character. Through the Fr. from Lat. *flebilis*, doleful, weeping, hence ‘weak.’

26. **derogatory**: detracting, hurtful to; originally ‘repealing a law’: from Lat. *derogare*, to repeal part of a law, to detract from.

30. **a thing of moment**: an important matter. ‘Moment’ comes from Lat. *momentum*, movement, hence the force of a moving body, weight.

31. **speak to it greatly**: *i.e.* she can speak to the ‘purpose’ with great effect. The whole phrase is quaint.

32. **stuff of the conscience**: *i.e.* material with which conscience has to deal, as a manufacturer deals with his ‘stuff,’ whatever it may be. The phrase is used by Shakspere, *Othello*, I. ii. 2:

“ Yet do I hold it very stuff o’ the conscience
To do no contrived murder.”

35. **female garniture**: ‘female’ in the sense of belonging to females. ‘Garniture,’ adornment, furniture. Compare ‘garnish’ with the French *garnir*, to furnish.

Page 84, line 1. **closet**, a small room: diminutive form of ‘close,’ an enclosed space. So also ‘book-closet’ in the essay on “Witches,” etc., p. 76, l. 22.

3. **browsed**: pastured, fed upon. From Old French *brouster*, to nibble off young shoots (*broust*, a shoot, bud).

5. **chance in wedlock**; chances of marrying.

12. **excess of participation**: *i.e.* in small matters she makes things worse by feeling them too deeply.

18. **Hertfordshire**: an inland county adjoining Middlesex on the north and not far from London. It is a pleasant and picturesque country, undulating and wooded, and in luxuriance of vegetation not surpassed by any county in England.

to beat up: to look for. The term ‘beat up’ is used in shooting game, but ‘beat up the quarters of the enemy’ is a common expression for ‘to attack suddenly,’ and so ‘to make an unexpected descent upon.’

20. **Mackery End**: the place is now called Mackrye End. It is about one and a half miles from Wheathampstead on the Luton branch of the Great Northern Railway.

23. **Wheathampstead**: a small town in Hertfordshire. Berk-hampstead shows the same combination of two practically synonymous terms; *i.e.* ‘ham,’ a village or abode, and ‘stead,’ a (standing)-place or position. Walthamstow and Southampton are formations of a similar kind. The *p* after ‘ham’ is a euphonic growth (like *d* in ‘gender,’ *b* in ‘thimble,’ etc.).

30. **substantial yeoman**: a well-to-do farmer. ‘A man of substance’ is often used to signify a man of comfortable possessions. ‘Yeoman’ is an old word for the rural cultivator of his own land. Its derivation is uncertain.

32-34. **Gladmans—Brutons—Fields**: Mrs. Field was Lamb’s grandmother, a housekeeper for forty years in the Plumer family at Blakesware, one of their seats in Hertfordshire. The owners of the house were often absent, when Mrs. Field, who seems to

have been much respected by her employers, used to have her grandchildren to visit her and stay in the house. Another seat belonging to the Plumer family was Gilston Park in the same county, but Lamb, in a letter to a friend, has made it clear that it was Blakesware, and not Gilston Park, that he alluded to. The other names here mentioned are the names of real connections of Lamb's, as he describes.

Page 85, line 5. Luton: a market town in Bedfordshire. The park referred to is about two miles east of the town, and is called Luton Hoo Park. It was formerly a seat of the Bute family.

Saint Alban's: an ancient town in Hertfordshire, named from the martyrdom of St. Alban. It is either on or near the site of the town Verulamium, founded by the Romans when in occupation of Britain. From here to Wheathampstead is a few miles' walk, but Lamb and his sister made the distance much further by going in a north-east direction to Luton Hoo Park on their way.

11, 12. memory ... mocked with a phantom of itself: he did not really remember it, but imagination feigned a memory of it. He called up an imaginary picture as though he remembered it.

18-21. This verse is from Wordsworth's poem on *Yarrow Visited*. "Her delicate creation," i.e. the creation of imagination, which is personified.

25, 26. reconfirmed: restrengthened. 'Confirm' is from Lat. *con*, together, *fimo*, I fix.

26. traversed: went over with her eyes.

29. were flown instead of 'had flown.' The old rule in English and German was that verbs of motion took parts of the verb 'to be' as auxiliaries of tense, instead of parts of 'to have'; e.g. 'to be come,' 'to be gone,' etc. In French there is a large number of verbs of motion, etc., whose perfect tenses must be formed only by parts of *être*, to be.

30. decorous: suitable, fitting. Generally used where the suitable and fitting is quiet and unobtrusive. (Lat. *decorus*, fitting, proper.)

32. behind her years: younger than her years.

Page 86, line 1. out of date: old, and hence 'unremembered and unremembering.' The modern sense of 'out-of-date' is 'out-of-fashion.'

2. winged my cousin: i.e. gave her wings to fly on.

6. A comely brood: a handsome family; 'comely,' from the same word as 'come,' meant 'suitable' originally, and then 'good-looking.' 'Brood,' generally the young, which are hatched or 'bred.'

8, 9. adopted Bruton: *i.e.* adopted into the Bruton family by marriage.

9. better than they all: *i.e.* better than they all (were). From a merely grammatical point of view this is more correct than to say, ‘better than *them* all.’ The latter, however, has the sanction of that educated use which is the final law of language.

14. gossamer: a filmy substance like cob-web, which often floats in the air in summer and autumn. The derivation usually given is that it is from ‘God’s sunner’; similarly in German the words ‘flying summer,’ ‘our lady’s summer,’ are applied to these fine filmy threads. There was a legend that the threads were from the winding sheet of the Virgin Mary, which fell into the air as she was ascending to heaven. Another derivation given is that of goose-summer—the threads being likened to the down of a goose.

rending atmosphere: *i.e.* the formal manners of a great town tear asunder such friendly ties.

20, 21. meeting of the two scriptural cousins: Biblical; from the *Gospel of St. Luke*, i. 56.

22. stature: height.

23. shined: an old use for ‘shone.’ Compare ‘hanged’ and ‘hung,’ which are used side by side as past participles, with, however, different senses. An object is said to be ‘hung,’ a criminal to be ‘hanged.’

26. B. F.: Barron Field, a friend of Lamb’s, who left England for New South Wales, where he was Judge of the Supreme Court at Sydney in 1816. He edited a volume called *Geographical Memoirs*, on New South Wales. He also wrote some Law-books, and various literary articles. His brother was a fellow-clerk of Lamb’s at the India House. It is to Barron Field that Lamb’s essay, *Distant Correspondents*, is addressed.

28. where the kangaroo haunts: an unusual ‘neuter’ or intransitive use. ‘Which the kangaroo haunts’ would be more according to usage. Australia is often alluded to as the land of the kangaroo, because that animal is not found in any other part of the world.

The fatted calf: a proverbial expression, taken from the parable of the Prodigal Son, on whose return the father “killed the fatted calf” for a feast. The story occurs in the *Gospel of St. Luke*, xv. 11, etc.

30. native wine; what is usually called ‘home-made wine,’ as opposed to the imported wines of France, Spain, etc.

Page 87, line 3. **astoundment**: astonishment; an unusual word, used however by Coleridge and elsewhere by Lamb.

10. **weakling**: ‘-ling’ is a diminutive suffix (cp. German, *-lein*), as seen in ‘duckling,’ ‘gosling.’ It is properly only a noun termination, but the noun ‘weakling’ may easily, as here, be turned into an adjective.

12. **pastoral walks**: this word should not be used as simply identical with ‘rural.’ It is from Lat. *pastor*, a shepherd, and means ‘among or concerning flocks and herds.’ Lamb probably means the correct use of the word here, ‘walks as if they were shepherd and shepherdess.’

SCOTT.

KENILWORTH. CHAPTER XVI.

The novel *Kenilworth* was published in the year 1820. It deals with the earlier period of Queen Elizabeth's reign (the year 1575), when the Earl of Leicester was her marked favourite, and when her obvious partiality for him gave rise to rumours that she intended to bestow on him the supreme honour of her hand in marriage. In the book Scott has used with the utmost power and vividness the romantic incidents only half indicated by history, nor has he hesitated to alter history in order to produce more brilliant and dramatic effect. But though here and there he may depart from literal fact in details, it is admitted generally that his realization of Elizabeth's character is admirable in the extreme.

As a phase of that realization perhaps no part of *Kenilworth* is more successful than the chapter here selected, "in which Elizabeth undertakes the reconciliation of the haughty rivals Sussex and Leicester, unaware that in the course of the audience she herself will have to bear a great strain on her self-command, both in her feelings as a queen and her feelings as a lover. Her grand rebukes to both, her ill-concealed preference for Leicester, her whispered ridicule of Sussex, the impulses of tenderness which she stifles, the flashes of resentment to which she gives way, the triumph of policy over private feeling, her imperious impatience when she is baffled, her jealousy as she grows suspicious of a personal rival, her gratified pride and vanity when the suspicion is exchanged for the clear evidence, as she supposes, of Leicester's love, and her peremptory conclusion of the audience, bring before the mind a series of pictures far more vivid and impressive than the greatest of historical painters could fix on canvas, even at the cost of the labour of years" (R. H. Hutton).

It was in the summer of 1575, the eighteenth year of Elizabeth's reign, that Leicester entertained her at his castle of Kenilworth, near Warwick. The scene here selected took place before that visit. The Queen, in order to force Sussex and Leicester to a reconciliation (see notes, p. 88, ll. 6 and 9, Sussex

and Leicester) has ordered both to attend an audience at the palace.

Page 88, line 1. **eventful hour** : noon.

3. **rival Earls** : Sussex and Leicester. (See notes on Sussex, p. 88, l. 6, and Leicester, p. 88, l. 9.)

4. **Palace-yard of Greenwich** : Greenwich (pronounced ‘Grinridge’) is on the south side of the Thames, about five miles nearer the sea than London. It was in Elizabeth’s time the seat of a royal palace, much occupied by the Tudor monarchs, and pulled down after the Restoration of Charles II. It is now famous for its observatory, which determines the first meridian and the standard of time measurement for England.

6. **Sussex** ; Thomas Ratcliffe, 3rd Earl of Sussex, representing the ancient English families of Fitz-Walter and Radcliffe. He was of more honourable descent than Leicester, his successful rival in court favour. From 1557 to 1567 he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and was later President of the Council of the North, in which office he took active part in suppressing the rebellion made by some northern English nobles in favour of Mary Queen of Scots (1569). He was not himself a suitor for the Queen’s hand, but he was an affectionate and trusted friend, and advocated her proposed marriage with a foreign prince, which was opposed by Leicester. Scott, however, would almost make it appear that Sussex himself wished to rival Leicester.

7. **Deptford** : a town (now a suburb of London) on the south bank of the Thames, about four miles from London proper, and only separated from Greenwich by a small deep creek. ‘Say’s Court,’ the house at which Sussex was staying, was at Deptford, hence he and his suite came to Greenwich by boat. It was at this house that Peter the Great of Russia stayed in 1698, when he came to England to learn ship-building in the great English dockyards of Deptford.

9. **Leicester** : Robert Dudley, created Earl of Leicester by Elizabeth, whose favourite courtier he was for many years. His descent was stained by the degradation of his grandfather, the oppressive minister of Henry VII., and was scarcely improved by the fate of his father, Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, executed on Tower Hill in 1553, for his support of the Lady Jane Grey’s claim to the throne against the rightful heir, Mary Tudor. Historically, his first wife, Amy Robsart was dead fifteen years before the date at which Scott places the occurrences of his romance.

10. **the vulgar** : the common people, who watched the approach to the Palace as an enjoyable kind of street-pageant,

the Latin word *vulgaris*=the common crowd. The adjective is here treated as noun.

13. necessarily upon foot: as they had come direct to the court-yard by boat.

No show or sign of greeting: It is historical that Leicester quarrelled with the chief members of Elizabeth's court, who were high in favour with the Queen. His arrogance is said to have made him much disliked, and he was especially opposed at court by Lord Burleigh, Elizabeth's chief adviser and by Sussex. With the scene of entry here described, compare the very similar entrance of two hostile parties (Cavaliers and Roundheads) to Lady Peveril's feast, in *Peveril of the Peak*.

19, 20. such gentlemen of their train whose rank gave them that privilege: 'Such ... whose': This manner of expression (to be found here and there in many languages) is rare in modern English. We should rather say 'those ... whose,' or 'such gentlemen ... as enjoyed that privilege in virtue of their rank.'

20. yeomen: men of small country estate, the great middle-class of the rural districts. Such men would be retainers, at the call of great nobles like Sussex and Leicester when in need of support. The derivation of the word is uncertain.

Page 89, line 2. presence of an armed guard of unusual strength: The Queen, afraid 'of what might chance from the collision of two such fiery spirits, each backed by a strong and numerous body of followers,' had reinforced the guard of the palace with strong detachments, and given commands that the strictest order must be kept.

10, 11. which ... compelled them to submit to: Scott, like other good writers (cp. Lamb), ignores the pedantic pseudo-rule that prepositions should not end a sentence.

15. slowly and stately: 'Stately,' here an adverb, is strictly speaking an adjective, but a good effect is gained here by its being paired with the true adverb 'slowly,' which it resembles in form. Adjectives ending in 'ly' offer a certain difficulty in being turned into adverbs. 'Statelily' would be intolerable.

16. Tressilian: Edmund Tressilian, one of the more fictitious characters in the book, is supposed to be a Cornish gentleman, poor but of good birth, who has been brought up in Devonshire by Sir Hugh Robsart, father of Leicester's wife. Tressilian is a kinsman of Sussex, and has come to court to ascertain what has become of Amy Robsart, who has left her father's house secretly. For this purpose he has induced Sussex to hand to the Queen the petition (mentioned later in this chapter) which begs that Varney, Leicester's follower, should be strictly examined on the

subject, as his name has been associated with the young lady's flight. He has no suspicion of the truth, viz., that Varney's name has been used as a cloak to hide the marriage of Leicester and Amy Robsart.

Blount: Nicholas Blount, Master of the Horse in the household of Sussex. According to Scott he is knighted by Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle later in the book (*K.*, ch. xxxii.).

Raleigh: the well-known Sir Walter Raleigh, poet, historian, and traveller. Scott represents him as a young and successful aspirant to the Queen's favour at this time, but historically it was nearly ten years later (1584) that he attracted the Queen's attention and received the knighthood which Scott represents being conferred at Kenilworth a few weeks later (*K.*, ch. xxxii.).

17. Varney: Richard Varney, the intimate adherent of Leicester. He acts as a kind of evil genius to Leicester throughout, spurring on his ambition at the cost of truth and affection, and suggesting deceptions and crimes. His aim is that Leicester may gain the Queen's hand, so that he himself, as an intimate follower of one so high in power, may reap the benefit. On him also Elizabeth confers knighthood at Kenilworth.

18. court-forms: The rules of precedence determine the order in which persons must follow each other at court and public ceremonials. It is a general rule that persons of the same rank follow according to the order of creation of that rank. Hence Leicester, the first earl of that title in the Dudley family, must give precedence to Sussex, of the third generation of earls in the Ratcliffe family.

23, 24. Usher of the Black Rod: an officer of the order of the Garter, "the first gentleman usher, daily waiter at court." He is also a chief officer of the House of Lords, for ushering and introducing peers, etc., into the House. He carries a black rod as a symbol of his office. A wand is a distinguishing mark of ancient heralds, modern beadle, etc. There is also an officer called "Gold Stick in waiting." An 'usher' is properly a door-keeper; from Lat. *ostiarius* (*ostium*, a door). The use of the word for a minor teacher in schools originated in the fact that in English grammar schools the schoolmaster second in rank sat near the door of the room.

Page 90, line 3. a partial knave: i.e. a fellow who takes sides or 'parts.' Leicester accuses him of siding with Sussex against himself. Notice in Leicester's address to the Usher his use of the second person singular 'thou,' which is used throughout to inferiors when addressed by someone of higher rank, according to old custom in English.

10. **he that hath done, can undo**: i.e. he (Leicester) has done much in gaining places, etc., about the Court for his adherents, and he can make officials lose position by his influence with Elizabeth.

shall not prank thee: the verb ‘prank,’ an old English word, means to deck oneself, to show off. It is found in Milton, “False rules pranked in Reason’s garb” (*Comus*, 759).

16. **surrounded by those nobles and statesmen, etc.**: Chief among her wise advisers was William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Secretary of State, and for forty years “the oracle” of the Queen, always consulted and almost always obeyed, to whose influence must be traced much of the glory and successful policy of her reign. Sir Francis Walsingham was another of the famous Elizabethan statesmen and trusted advisers. Hunsdon and Sussex were two of her bravest soldiers, Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, and Lord Effingham daring sailors, the three former explorers as well as sea-fighters.

32. **disparaging**: lowering, hurtful to the dignity. From Lat. *dis*, apart, and *par*, equal.

34. **The spirit of Henry VIII.**: Henry VIII., the father of Elizabeth, “was by nature a highly-gifted man, of a strongly marked character: ... He was above all things a King. He clothed his own caprice in the forms of justice; he elevated his own personal desires to principles of national policy. ... In his private life his coarseness was strangely mixed with questions of the national welfare.” Much of the more masculine part of Elizabeth’s character corresponds exactly with her father’s traits.

Page 91, line 1. God’s death: an oath very frequent in Shakspeare, often written ‘sdeath !’ and a common expletive in Elizabeth’s time. So ‘ounds !’ was written for ‘God’s wounds !’

4. **hide the sun**, etc.: near as Leicester is to her, he is not near enough to obscure her from her subjects, to prevent her direct communication with them. The incident of the Usher, and Elizabeth’s speech on the occasion, are historical.

10. **dearly answerable**: heavily responsible, he will pay *dearly* for it.

12. **mayor of the palace**: Officers called mayors of the palace sprang up on the decline of the Merovingian dynasty of early Frankish kings in France in the seventh and eighth centuries A.D. The mayor (Lat. *major*), chief minister and master of ceremonies to the nominal king, in reality usurped the whole power, and ultimately was elected to the throne in place of the weak hereditary monarch. The same relationship existed formerly between the Tycoon of Japan and the true Mikado.

31. **ruffle**: the verb ‘to ruffle’ meant to bluster, to be turbulent. It is frequently used in Shakspere, and is found in Bacon, but is now obsolete in this sense.

34. **ruffled in your cause, in Ireland, in Scotland, etc.**: *i.e.* fought for you in Ireland, etc. Sussex and his men “had done good service in Ireland and in Scotland, and especially in the great northern rebellion in 1569, which was quelled in a great measure by his military talents.” (*K.*, ch. xiv.).

Page 92, lines 4, 5. grandfather and my father: Henry VII. and Henry VIII. Henry VII. especially had enacted severe laws against those who kept bodies of men over a certain number in livery, ready to fight for them.

7. **because I wear a coif**: *i.e.* because I am a woman. ‘Coif,’ also spelt ‘quoif,’ is a cap, or woman’s head-dress. It is derived through Fr. from Old German *Kuffe*, *Kupfe*, a cap, worn under a helmet. It is now only used of the old-fashioned woman’s head-gear.

8. **distaff**: it is from *staff*, and the old English word *dizen*, to furnish with flax. Spinning was formerly the chief occupation for women, so Elizabeth uses the word as the type of a woman’s implement. Compare Dryden’s line:

“ His crown usurped, a distaff on the throne,”
i.e. a woman on the throne.

9. **brook his court to be cumbered**: ‘Brook’ in present English usually takes an objective case of a noun, such as in ‘to brook interference’ (brook = suffer, endure). In the text it takes the construction which we put with the synonymous verb ‘suffer.’ Of course Scott is imitating Elizabethan English throughout.

25, 26. **my tongue never spoke the word**, etc.: he is ready to back up his words by fighting for them, either on foot or on horseback.

31. **Ratcliffe**: the family name of the Earl of Sussex.

35. **idle**: *i.e.* vain, mere waste of time.

Page 93, line 11. have a guard ... and man a barge: a guard of soldiers, and a barge ready with rowers, to conduct these contumacious nobles up the river to the Tower of London, which was the prison to which high offenders were sent. Entrance to the Tower was often made *via* the Thames, and there was a gate opening on the river known as the Traitor’s Gate.

barge: a barge was a large boat used for more dignified purposes than the modern cargo-barke. They were employed in State processions by water, pleasure excursions, etc.

14. **our Tower fare**: *i.e.* prison fare.

22. **under favour**: equivalent to ‘by your leave.’

24, 25. **shepherds of the people**: a Homeric term = guides and rulers. Both the earls held high offices of state.

31, 32. **Nonsuch**: the name of a park in Surrey.

Page 94, lines 1, 2. the daughter of ... Sir Hugh Robsart: Amy Robsart.

3, 4. **My Lord of Leicester**, are you ill, etc. In *Kenilworth*, Leicester loves and has secretly married Amy Robsart. His ambition, however, has been roused by the increasing favour and affection with which Elizabeth seems to regard him, and he anxiously keeps his marriage a secret from her. It was well known that the Queen disliked her courtiers to marry, and Leicester, in particular, depended for his success at court on his apparent reverent worship of the Queen. Thence he cannot but tremble at the thought of her discovery of the secret, which would be doubly irritating to her because of the wound to her vanity in finding herself only second in the Earl’s thoughts.

9. **Masters**: The Queen’s surgeon-in-ordinary, already mentioned in *Kenilworth* (ch. xiv.) as having been sent by her to attend to Sussex in his illness. The term ‘surgeon- (or physician) in-ordinary’ to the Queen is still used to express a regular medical attendant as opposed to extraordinary, *i.e.* called in on special occasions.

16, 17. **He that would climb**, etc.: *i.e.* Leicester, who would aspire to Elizabeth (the royal eagle) need not trouble about Varney’s pursuit of a humble country lady.

21. **fathom**: This word belongs to a series of nouns, invariable in the plural. Some of these were neuters in the Anglo-Saxon, and did not change in the plural (like ‘sheep,’ etc.), among which were some words of measurement or enumeration. Many words of measurement do not change for the plural, *e.g.* ‘five dozen,’ ‘six pair,’ etc.

Page 95, line 1. An was originally the same word as ‘and,’ and meant ‘moreover’; ‘an if’ = even if. Shakspere, 1 *Henry IV.* I. iii. 125, etc.

5. **in the humour of**: we should say ‘in the humour *for*,’ but ‘capable of.’

9. **perplexed**: naturally, because her anger now is entirely inconsistent with her approval of his action in shutting Varney out and defying Leicester.

14. **chid**: scolded.

15, 16. **the lead-weight that keeps the door fast**: This probably means the old-fashioned lead-weight at the end of a string which is fixed over a pulley on top of a door to act like a spring for closing the door; or else a weight at the end of a string to keep a door-latch up under the catch.

17, 18. **Tressilian mentioned in this petition**: The petition is that concerning the flight of Amy Robsart, which Sussex conveyed to the Queen on behalf of Tressilian.

24. **trim his vessel**: to set the sails according to wind and course: his action must be suited to the ‘way the wind blows,’ as well as to the course he intends to take.

25. **peril**: Varney feels a double peril in knowing that not only is he about to deceive the Queen, but that he risks contradicting what Leicester may have said in his absence, as the earl and his follower have not agreed on their plan of deception beforehand. If he makes a mistake, in drawing the Queen’s anger on Leicester he ruins himself both in her eyes and his lord’s.

32. **sirrah**: a term of address used in anger or contempt, an extension of ‘sir,’ which is through Fr. from Lat. *senior*.

Page 96, lines 1, 2. love passages ... Amy Robsart: this statement is quite false, Amy being the faithful and loving wife of Leicester.

5. **manned himself**: *i.e.* made a man of himself, nerved himself. ‘To man,’ generally means to supply with men, as ‘to man a boat,’ etc, but with the reflex pronoun has the above meaning.

8. **triumphant smile**: Sussex and his followers must triumph in the disgrace which would follow his confession of deception to the Queen, and worse, his faithlessness as her reverent adorer.

clothe his cheek: the expression “a blush ‘mantled’ the face,” is common in this sense.

14. **seemed to depend**: it not only seemed but did so depend, because of Elizabeth’s feeling against her courtiers’ marriage.

17. **wench**: not so low a term as at present, though it is still used in provincial English with no depreciatory meaning. Here it is equivalent to ‘girl’—“why not ask the ‘girl’s’ hand,” etc. So ‘varlet’ was originally used of any youth.

29-36. **Madam, replied Varney ... to the girl**: Varney’s reply and the Queen’s reception of it bring out the traditional character of Elizabeth in her love of flattery, and of delicate laments at her hardness of heart towards love.

Page 97, line 5. Thou false villain: Leicester, whom Scott represents as by nature high-minded and honourable, cannot but feel enraged at Varney's false claim on his wife. He cannot stifle this exclamation, yet his position will not allow him to explain it. The Queen believes his anger is due to the secrecy and deception in which Varney has married.

12. warrant from danger: guarantee of protection. Warrant is from Old Fr. *warant*, later *garant*, and the *w* shows that the word was originally borrowed from Teutonic. It is a present participle (in Fr.) with the sense of 'protecting.' 'Guarantee' is from the same word.

27. beliest: an old word, of rather poetical than general use now-a-days, meaning 'to falsify,' 'to tell lies about a person or thing.'

28. traduce: to defame. Lat. *tra* (*trans*) across, *ducere*, to lead; Lat. *traducere* meant to lead astray, then to misrepresent, also to defame. In the whole of this interview with the Queen, Varney contrives to imply that Leicester is distracted and confused by his feeling for the Queen, an implication with which he knows her vanity will be pleased.

Page 98, lines 1-3. the heaviest ... Grace: the construction is a little peculiar here—it means 'of all displeasure which I could incur, his is the most grievous that I could endure, except the Queen's.'

4. accessory: a usual word to express an accomplice, one who is aware of and countenances a wrong.

7. somewhat hath chanced: something has happened. 'Somewhat' is occasionally used as a noun, equivalent to 'something.'

16, 17. lock of hair ... jewel: Varney here (and below) pretends that Leicester has a jewel, and hair of the Queen's colour, which might be her gift, or cut by some artifice from her head.

24. braid: originally a verb, 'to weave,' and hence something woven, as a plaited lock of hair.

pratest of: talkest vainly of. 'Prate' is allied to the Danish *prate*, to talk. In this sentence is another example of the use of the preposition at the end.

26. golden web wrought by Minerva: Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom and of all the liberal arts. She is especially a patron of embroidery and wool-weaving, and was challenged by Arachne, a skilful worker, to a trial of skill. Though Arachne's work was a masterpiece, it was outdone by Minerva's, and Arachne, who hanged herself in despair, was changed into a spider by the goddess.

31. **metaphor**: (here in a somewhat wide sense, ‘figurative expressions,’ ‘comparisons.’) It is through French and Latin from Greek *μεταφορά* (*metaphora*), a ‘transferring’ of a word from its literal signification to a figurative one. Properly a ‘metaphor’ becomes a ‘simile’ as soon as the word *like* or *as* is inserted into the comparison. (See Shelley’s *Cloud* for metaphor, and his *Skylark* for simile.)

Page 99, line 6. I see no tresses, etc. : Varney insinuates that the lock over which Leicester was dreaming was the Queen’s own.

19. **an Eastern talisman**: a talisman is a ‘charm’ that has marvellous results of some kind, a magical object, often a stone. The word comes through Spanish from Arabic, in which it meant a magical image of some kind. Talismans were often brought from the East, the lands of magic. Here it means that the silence and expectation were so intense that one would have thought the spectators were under a charm.

28, 29. **which was like to ensue**: we say, ‘which was *likely* to ensue.’ It is a matter of custom, largely : Shakspere frequently uses ‘like’ for ‘likely,’ as *Tempest*, iv. i. 237 :

“ You are like to lose your hair.”

33. **accosted**: addressed, by derivation (from Lat. preposition *ad*, to, and *costa*, a side); accost means ‘to go up to the side of. ‘Coast,’ side, shore, is from the same word.

35. **Thou hast a prating servant of**, etc. In Modern English we should say ‘to have a prating servant *in*’ some one, not *of*. It is purposely used by Scott, however, probably in imitation of many passages in Shakspere ; e.g.

“ E’en such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.”

Merchant of Venice, III. v. 88.

‘In’ would be used for ‘of’ in present English.

Page 100, line 2. **keep no counsel**: ‘to keep one’s own counsel’ is a usual expression for ‘to keep a secret.’ The idiom ‘to keep counsel’ for ‘to keep secret’ is known to have been used in English since the thirteenth century.

9. **confused**, etc. Leicester is confused because he is conscious of the secret of his marriage ; the Queen believes his confusion due to fear lest she may guess at his feeling for herself.

31, 32. **whilst you were a poor gentleman**: Elizabeth had known Dudley since he was sixteen, when they were brought together by Edward VI., her brother. In Mary’s reign both she and Dudley had at first been more or less in disgrace—Dudley as the son of the chief supporter of Lady Jane Grey’s claim to the throne against Mary, and Elizabeth as a Protestant princess.

Page 101, ne l. misdemeanours: errors; literally, misbehaviour. ‘To demean’ is usually employed with a reflexive pronoun, e.g. ‘to demean oneself,’ meaning ‘to behave.’ The word is from Old Fr. *demener*, to conduct.

4, 5. So help me God, gentlemen, as I think: The Queen was noted for her fondness for oaths, which were, indeed, much more frequent among the higher classes (including ladies) than they are now. The construction here is ‘may God so help me, as I think,’ etc.

22. beseeming: becoming.

32. had said: subjunctive mood, more frequently expressed ‘I should have said.’

36. a bolt lost is not a bow broken: ‘bolt,’ a short stout arrow to be shot from a cross-bow. The saying belonged to the days when bows and arrows were the common weapons in war and sport. It means, ‘It is not so fatal to lose an arrow (of which we have a quiverful) as to break a bow (of which we have only one).’ As an allusion to the disappointment in love of Tressilian, the saying is similar to “There are as good fish in the sea as have ever come out.”

• Page 102, line 3. false Cressidas: In old Greek legends Cressida is the beloved of Troilus (a son of Priam, King of Troy), to whom she was faithless. She is often quoted as a type of fickleness. Shakspere’s play on the story of *Troilus and Cressida* is in the Queen’s mind, as she quotes from it below.

5. Lady Light o’ Love: i.e. fickle lady. Light o’ love means ‘light,’ ‘frivolous’ in love. It is used as adjective or noun. “It was the name of an old dance-tune, which made it a proverbial expression of levity, especially in love matters.” ‘Of’ = ‘in respect to,’ as in such colloquialisms as ‘lame of one foot,’ ‘blind of one eye,’ etc.

6, 7. writings of learned men: Queen Elizabeth, like Lady Jane Grey and some other contemporary ladies, was herself learned in the classics and classical allusions.

10. dame: not, as frequently now, an elderly woman, but was employed very much as we use the word ‘lady.’ It was from Lat. *domina*, feminine of *dominus*, a master.

14. Troilus: the deserted lover of Cressida, mentioned above (l. 3).

15. arch-knave Shakespeare: Shakspere’s plays were certainly popular at Elizabeth’s Court, but in the year 1575 Shakspere, having been born in 1564, was too young to have yet distinguished himself in this way. Like the introduction of Raleigh,

however, this mention of Shakspere adds picturesqueness to the story ; and it cannot be found fault with that Scott should draw together into a certain period facts which we know to have belonged to a slight extension of that period.

arch-knave = head of all knaves. Actors at this period were held in low esteem, and the Queen uses the term in a familiar, half-joking way of one who was well known as an actor. The sense is similar to such a modern word as 'fellow,' which is affectionate or insulting according to the manner in which it is used.

16. **toys**: trifles. An expression which Elizabeth considers naturally applicable to 'plays.'

18. **Cressid was yours**, etc.: The queen quotes incorrectly here—she has not *learnt* the lines, but half remembers them, as words from a play lately seen remain in the memory. The lines occur in *Troilus and Cressida*, v. ii. 154, etc., and are spoken by Troilus as follows :

"Cressid is mine, tied by the bonds of heaven :
Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven itself ;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved, and loosed ;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed."

22. **my Lord of Southampton**: Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, noted for his close friendship with Shakspere, a friendship which, however, it is another anachronism to introduce at this point. Of all Elizabeth's court, he would be the one who could tell if his friend's lines were correctly quoted or not.

23. **halt through my bad memory**: *i.e.* go haltingly or lamely.

Page 103, line 3. **Peace, you knaves, both!** the hot-tempered gentlemen are ready to challenge each other to fight, in spite of the fact that they are in the royal presence.

4. **This comes of your feuds, my lords**: 'feud,' hatred, is from an old word meaning hatred, its spelling having been modified through confusion with 'feud,' a fief, feudal tenure, from Low. Lat. *feudum*. Elizabeth reproves the chiefs, Leicester and Sussex, for the bad example of their enmity, which is followed by their dependents.

7. **Matamoros**: blusterers. Spanish, *matar moros*, to kill Moors. 'A slayer of Moors' was a term applied to swaggerers and swash-bucklers who bragged of their exploits in the wars between the Spaniards and Moors.

10. **bracelet him**: put him in irons. Bracelet is from Fr. *bras*, Lat. *bracchium*, arm, and properly means ‘arm let,’ ‘To put on the bracelets’ is now a slang expression for ‘to handcuff.’

17. **and had nearly staggered Leicester**: had = ‘would have,’ or ‘might have.’ In such cases there is a suppression of what is technically called the ‘protasis’ or ‘if’-clause, of a conditional sentence. Here it would be, ‘if a certain resolution had not come to him, he had (= would have) been staggered.’

30. **the good cheer**: ‘cheer’ is from Old Fr. *chere*, the face, from Low Lat. *cara*, face. It meant successively ‘face, expression of face, mood’ (with either ‘glad’ or ‘sad’ as an adjective before it), then ‘gladness’ only, then ‘that which makes gladness, good entertainment,’ as here.

30, 31. **Castle of Kenilworth... week ensuing**: The famous visit of the Queen to Leicester’s castle in Warwickshire, the ruins of which may still be seen. Leicester was at this time making preparation of gorgeous spectacles and festivities for the occasion.

Page 104, lines 4, 5. my late severe illness: Sussex’s illness and recovery are described in ch. xiv., *Kenilworth*.

9. **of good cheer**: see note above, p. 103, l. 30.

10. **Masters**: the Queen’s physician, before aliuded to (p. 94, l. 9).

21. **High Treasurer**: From the list of Privy Council a few years earlier given by Mr. Froude, the Lord High Treasurer would be Paulet, Marquis of Winchester, one of the old and trusted statesmen who surrounded Elizabeth.

22, 23. **two famed classic streams**: I have been unable to find the allusion here referred to. It is probable that Scott had but a vague idea of some such comparison in the classics, as he is careful to make Queen Elizabeth doubtful on the subject, saying below, “It is Caesar, as I think.”

24. **Ascham**: Roger Ascham, who had been tutor to Elizabeth. He was one of the earliest of Greek scholars in England, and also one of the first writers of a pithy and vigorous English prose. His chief works are *The Schoolmaster*, and *Toxophilus*, a treatise on archery.

Page 105, lines 3, 4. Paris and Menelaus ... Helen: In the Greek legend Helen, the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, fell in love with Paris, son of Priam of Troy, and was carried off to Troy by him. This gave rise to the Trojan war, in which Menelaus called on the Greeks to aid him in recovering his wife. The Queen here compares Amy Robsart to Helen, and Tressilian (who should have been her husband) to Menelaus.

10. **toils**: snares. (So in *Hamlet*, III. ii. 362.) It is derived through French from Latin *tela*, a web, a thing woven. Probably not of the same derivation as ‘toil,’ to work.

16. **take the water**: to embark. ‘To take horse’ is an expression frequently met with, meaning ‘to mount and ride a horse,’ and here we have the same sense of the water, *i.e.* the river. It means that she will embark and travel on the river. ‘To take to the water’ is often used: but to ‘take the water’ ordinarily would mean to ‘drink.’

divertisement: amusement. From the Fr. *divertir*, to amuse, and now generally spelt in its French form, *i.e.* ‘divertissement.’ We say, more frequently, ‘diversion.’

18. **Sir Squire of the Soiled Cassock**: a playful address to Raleigh, referring to the cloak which he soiled by laying it beneath the Queen’s feet when she had to cross a muddy way. The incident is described in *Kenilworth*, ch. xv.

Cassock: originally meant a vestment, an outer cloak. Italian, *casacca*, an outer coat, from Lat. *casa*, a cottage, a ‘covering.’ The meaning, ‘some part of outer clothing,’ originated in a half-jocular allusion to the size of a cloak. It now means the ecclesiastical garb.

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